The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1710 OCT. 29, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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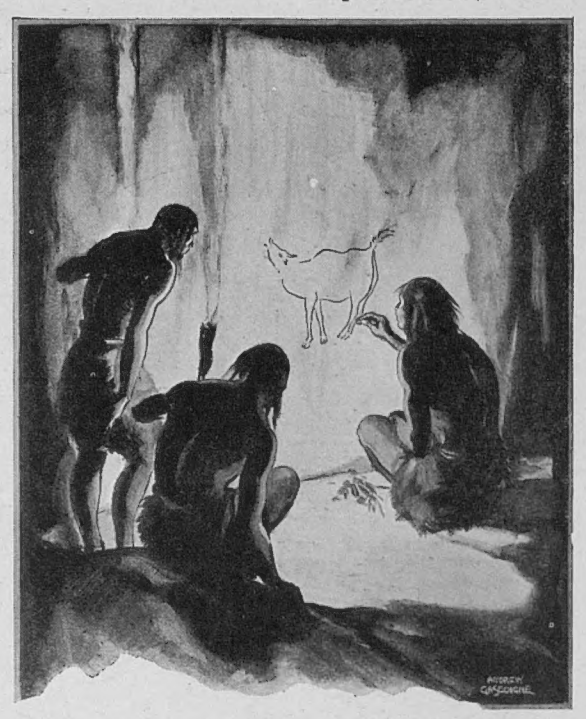

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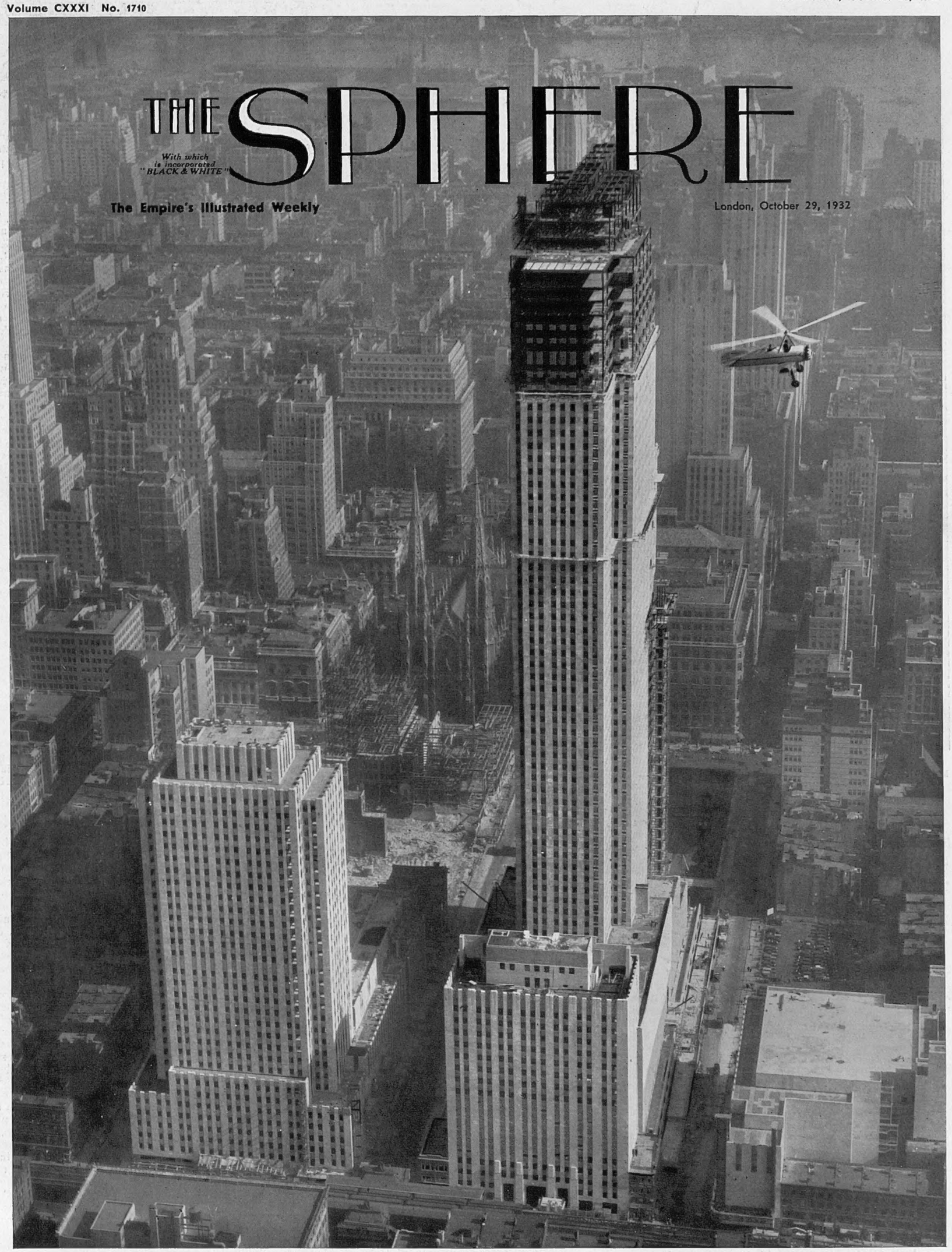
Volume CXXXI No. 1710

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 29, 1932



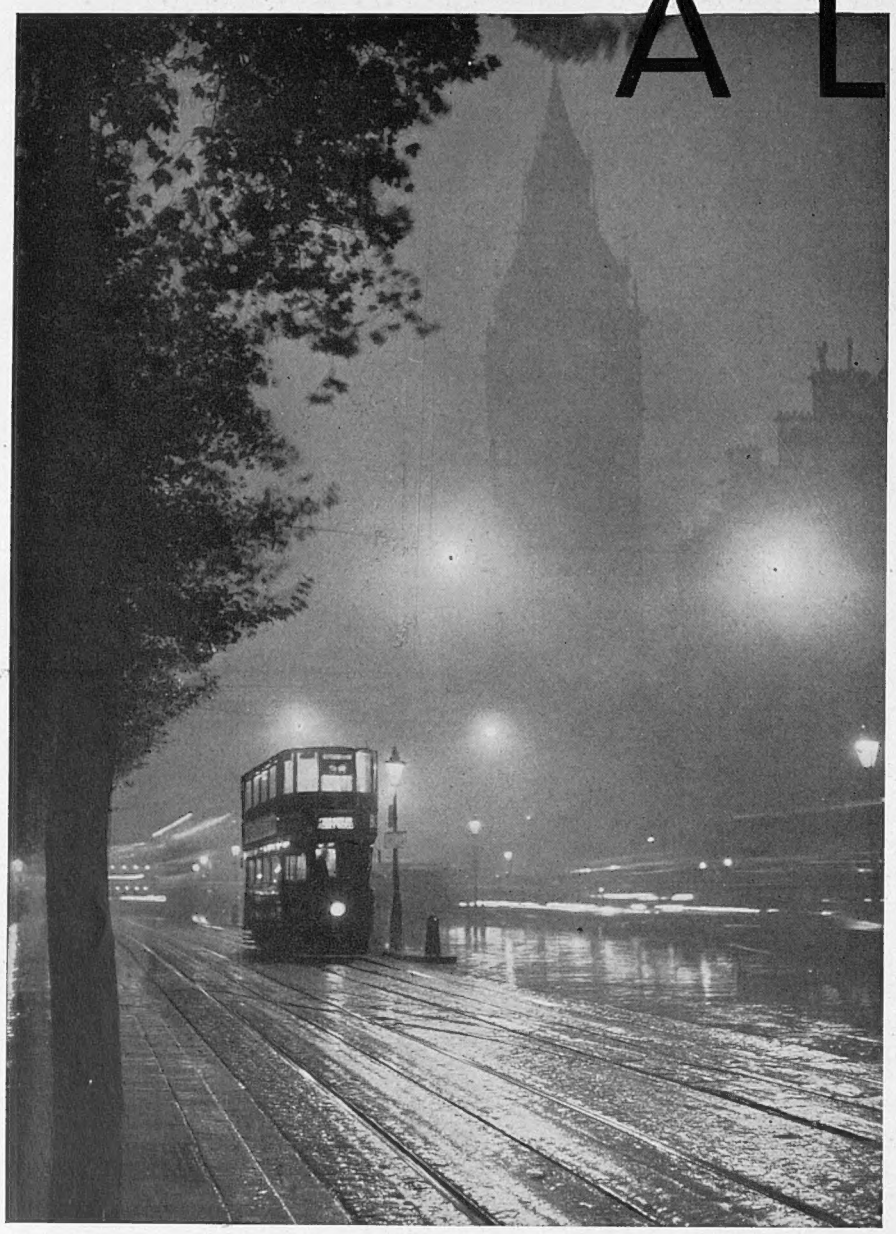
THE QUINTESSENCE OF NEW YORK

The R.C.A. Skyscraper in Rockefeller Center has Just been Completed and Welcomes an Auto-giro

The solid square of new buildings in New York running from 48th to 51st Streets and from 5th to 7th Avenues—the West Side of the City—which has been constructed as a model of American design in town planning and architecture alike is rapidly nearing completion. The R.C.A. skyscraper with its seventy storeys is the central device and focal point of the so-called Rockefeller Center and contains more office space than any other building in the world. To the left is the thirty-one storey R.K.O. building and, on the extreme right, the R.K.O. Sound Motion Picture Theatre. The twin towers of quasi-Gothic type to the left of and dwarfed by the new skyscraper are those of the Roman Cathedral of St. Patrick on 5th Avenue. This picture is taken looking east, the river in the background being the East River. An Auto-giro parade was held to celebrate the structural completion of the great skyscraper. The Center itself is proceeding apace, despite the great slump, in much the same way as Germany, in the successive economic crises that have, so she says, devastated her, has yet re-created herself in a marvel of marble and cement

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



MIDNIGHT AT NOON: Last Monday the Metropolis was afflicted with the first of the winter dark fogs. For an hour the pall hung high in the air, turning day into inky night

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, October 26, 1932.

THE CLEAR DUTY OF THE PRESS.—Mr. Henderson was right when he declared that the Press of the world is invested with a sacred trust to-day as the mouthpiece of the suffering nations who have declared their will for peace, to give expression to that opinion every day, and to force it on the World Disarmament Conference. I am not in doubt that of two jobs Mr. Henderson retained infinitely the more important one when he resigned the leadership of the Labour Party for his work at Geneva. The hour is striking when the vital decision must be made. Is it to be organized peace, or is it to be the anarchy of armament rivalry and the old diplomacy? When we consider the agonizing domestic problems alone which will harass the governments of civilization this very winter—unemployment, civil disturbance, financial crisis, starvation, revolution—is it conceivable that delegates who are partners in the secret anxieties and preoccupations of their own governments will dare to come away empty-handed, when it is open to them in a common will to peace to glean and bring back such sheaves as lie at their feet? The saving to Europe and America of perhaps a quarter-million million sterling a year in armament costs and the shifting from the shoulders of governments of half their international or external anxieties—that half which renders so impossible constructive effort to set in order their own houses.

A LIBERAL REVIVAL?—That the Liberal Party stands on the threshold of achieving political power was the view expressed by the President of the Scottish Liberal Federation at Perth the other day. This surely sounds at first hearing optimism run riot. The nation's publicists have hardly returned from attending the funeral of Liberalism, when they are called upon to prepare for her home-coming for a prolonged stay. But true it is that in politics to-day it is the unexpected which is certain. Nothing else is certain. Mr. Brampton is right in saying that something is happening in the political atmosphere to-day. He is vaguely confident that that something is a strong movement away from Conservatism. I do not agree with him that that reaction is due to "the failure of the Government's protectionist policy," which he described as an immeasurable enormity. For that surely is a monstrous prejudging. But I do not doubt that the Conservative Party is to receive all the blame for the failures, and none of the praise for the substantial successes of the National Government. And that is unfair as it is unfortunate. Add to that the quite inevitable swing of the pendulum in the constituencies which regularly and certainly occurs in the duration of a single Parliament to-day, and political students are quite justified in looking for an alternative to the Conservative Party when Party Politics return. That Party Politics should never return until the parties have been themselves rationalized, re-ranged, refurnished with policies, and re-labelled, is beside the point. In politics, English politicians are like the Bourbons. There are then only two alternatives—Socialism which, after the late declaration of policy, should properly be labelled Communism now, and Liberalism. If we declare these are two rank outsiders quite beyond the realms of chance in the race to come, we under-rate the rapidity of the evolution of political thought and the incalculable vagaries of half the voters of this country. Socialism has bungled the first move. Liberalism has not checked its brain wave. Scotland might well go hot for Liberalism in the course of a year, for the vague ideal of Scottish Home Rule is an attractive bargaining token, properly displayed and employed. The reaction against the National Government is quite inevitable, however well it serves the country; as inevitable is the fact that that reaction will hit the Conservatives alone. If the hour strikes during an interlude of comparative prosperity it is quite on the cards that half the political map might be painted in Liberal colours inside five years.

AN INTERLUDE.—Over sixty members of ruling houses met last week in Coburg to celebrate the wedding of two of Queen Victoria's great-grandchildren. On that special occasion, the clock was put back to the great days of royal pageantry, before the Great War, with its rude shoulder, toppled over a dozen thrones. The little prefix "ex" was sunk without trace, as it deserves, and dispossessed royalty took its strict precedence as Emperors and Czars and Kings; and the Hohenzollerns mingled with their cousins of the House of Windsor for the first time since 1914. This notable reunion of royalty revived a host of dormant memories, and a score of knotty points in etiquette and the intricate business of precedence and ceremonial, once on the finger tips of a select few court wizards, but now almost a forgotten science. Strange that it should have taken place in the heart of a new republic whose political and economic straits would seem little sympathetic towards such pageantry. But to the end of time and even in the triumph of Communism, the "public" will still so far forget itself as to love to roll a title round its tongue and to let its sentimental heart melt over the love story of a princess. The worst of a republic is that it gives so little opportunity for romance, colour, and pageantry. We shall never shake off our love for royal romances, gay uniforms, mighty names, glittering stars, and bright ribbons, until we cease to fill our nursery bookshelves with fairy stories. I dare bet that many an honest Nazi envied the brighter fancy dress of court chamberlain or royal guards, and regretted that so fine a figure as his should be so plainly and so clumsily adorned.

SPAIN AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—I think it improbable that the Spanish Government will confiscate the Spanish estates of the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, Grandee of the 1st Class. It is true that even good landlords among the grandees have suffered severely since the last revolution, as the bad ones suffered after the King's departure. It is true also that the Wellington estates near Granada have recently been the centre of unrest. But the Spanish Government acts by no means as unconstitutionally as is sometimes suggested and is unlikely to commit a graceless blunder of that sort. Indeed, the publication of the list of confiscatable property is merely a step in the procedure of agrarian reform and has more agricultural than political significance. An absentee landlord is a handicap to any estate; but if the present Duke of Wellington is held in the neighbourhood of Granada in a small part of the esteem which he enjoys and richly deserves in Hampshire, he has no cause to fear the loss of his estates there through personal unpopularity. He is a model in England of what a man of his position, living chiefly on his estate, should be. Even to-day it makes one's mouth water to compute the material prizes which fell to the victorious general in the Napoleonic era. From England Wellington received, besides titles and honours, pensions of £2,000 a year twice, and lump sums of £100,000, £400,000, and £200,000—to the value in all of 1¼ millions of our money. Portugal gave him the Golden Fleece, creating him Count of Vimeira, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Duke of Victoria, and Spain made him a Duke and a Grandee of the 1st Class, and added many thousand acres of rich agricultural land. As for gold plate and pictures . . .

O. S.—For a quarter century, like his predecessor Burnand, Sir Owen Seaman has gaily and courageously carried the torch which illumines Britain from Bouverie Street. *Punch* is one of our most prized institutions. It is also a business proposition in journalism which has few rivals. It can achieve and maintain success without compromise and without the sacrifice of its cherished standards of taste and decency. In Victorian days we valued *Punch* because it was "safe to leave about in the schoolroom." We laugh at the notion of protecting youth nowadays, but *Punch* goes serenely on, ever elastic but unbending, ever new and eternally the same, radiating humour without cynicism, and dosing us with sound common sense in gaily-gilt sugar coating. *Punch* is journalism's Don Quixote, lacking his shabbiness and ineffectiveness. It tilts at windmills and the wheels go backward not seldom. The recent campaign against gossip writers will not, I think, fail in producing a reaction towards greater reticence. Is *Punch* politically partisan? I dare not say. And now Sir Owen is retiring. In my drawer I turn over a dozen examples of his handwriting and good nature to aspiring young writers. These are full-dress criticisms—practically re-castings—of several of my undergraduate efforts at light journalism. Would any other business editor spare his valuable time to coach and train quite unknown schoolboy contributors? Sir Owen resigns the torch to his tried lieutenant. Each is a master of light verse and a sound judge of shrewd humour. O. S. could draw his humour from the well of tears, E. V. O. E. from a more impish source. And now E. V. O. E. is charged with the direction of our national institution for the delivery of shrewd Knox and punches.

THE LESS ROMANTIC TRUTH.—A little list has been prepared and forwarded to the Court officials in California. It contains the real names of famous American and British film stars. In the event of any of them making an appearance in court—which God forbid—this publication will prevent him or her from escaping salutary publicity while hidden beneath a quite unrecognizable real name. It is news to me that the film star shuns any form of publicity. The ruthless list has brought consternation upon every girls' school and servants' hall in the country, not to speak of public schools and universities. For if ever printed word stripped romance and smashed illusion, this list does so. The idols of our age are shattered to their feet of clay, and Romance trails a draggled flannel petticoat along a dingy side walk. Among Life's great illusions we must consign such name poems as Renée Adorée, Dolores del Rio, Ramon Novarro. These names, we must conclude, were invented, tongue in cheek, by ordinary mortals to gull the fond and foolish film fans of the world. Riccardo Cortez is just Jack Krantz; Claire Windsor is (sooth to say) Olga Cronk; Nancy Carroll was born a Hiff; Elsie Janis is of the house of Bierbauer; Lillian Bohny, Fanny Boroch, and Mr. Weisenfreund have often charmed you—under sweeter names. For years you have admired the manly grace of Mr. Ullman and applauded the many-sided genius of Samuel Goldfish. Alas! for Truth, before whose cold light rosy dreams vanish.

SET A THIEF.—All civilization must heave a sigh of relief at the happy termination for Mrs. Pawley and Mr. Corkran of their six weeks' experience of hell. The discomfort and apprehension which they endured it is unpleasant to think about. It is to be

sletter

hoped that Mrs. Pawley is not too shaken to read with mingled surprise and laughter some of the letters which have appeared in the Press over her signature. It is not to be denied that her tragedy has afforded a journalistic scoop. What were the actual terms conceded to the bandits we do not accurately know. That they were formulated by an arch-humorist among bandits is certain. The cash is a substantial jest, the opium a fine touch, and incorporation of the whole gang in the Manchukuo Police Force a crowning diadem of humour. I am bound to say that if the cash has been paid over the last condition may well be a saving clause. So dazzling a prize for banditry must immensely enlarge the already overcrowded profession of kidnapper, but the incorporation in the police force of 100 proved masters of the profession should go far to queer the pitch of the legitimate and loyal brotherhood, still awaiting their chance to blackleg into honesty and qualify for police pensions. *Bon rat, bon chat.*

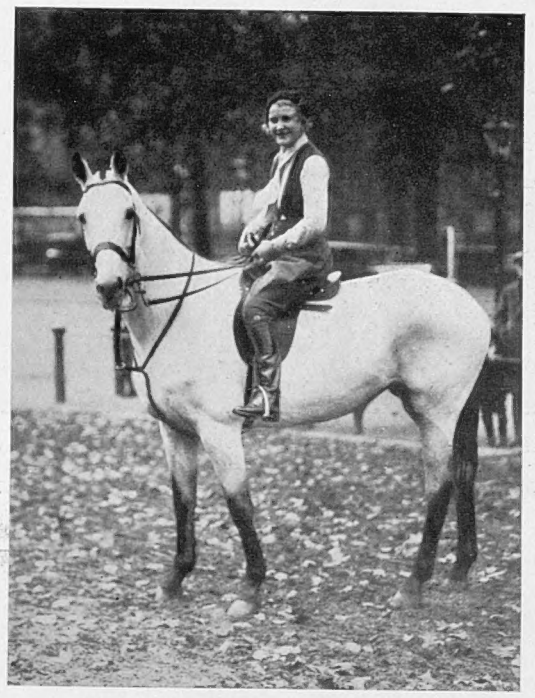
THE GREAT VICTORIANS.—There is a spate in books which is damaging the course of literature. No one doubts it, and no one tries to check it. Those who feel strongly about it have at least one course open to them, to subject newly published books to an extra test—to consider if such and such a book on its merits is redundant or not. The *Great Victorians* has been well received and deserved consideration from the obvious pains which the editors gave to its building up. The editors at any rate intended their title to be a true label—they themselves went on the assumption that the chosen Victorians were indeed "great"—outstanding personalities. They did not attempt to drag the Victorian Sea with a small mesh net. Had they done so, Gordon, Arnold, Christina Rossetti, Francis Thompson, and Clough could not have slipped through. They did not, therefore, attempt to survey the whole age of Victoria, but to appreciate a chosen list of great rather than typical Victorians. There is, therefore, no ground to quarrel with the plan. It is another matter with its execution. The several authors were given no brief, there were no terms of reference, and the result is a hotch-potch of biography, by-path researches, literary and political criticism, and not a little irrelevant and personal opinion. Those writers who still hanker after the touch and art of Lytton Strachey—who conceive that to be dead is necessarily to be mildly ridiculous—achieve the worst results. Others, like Lord David Cecil, were clearly puzzled by the lack of any terms of reference, and do themselves less than justice. Tennyson, considered as a maker of bathos, is not a valuable contribution to a symposium on Great Victorians. Nor is Stevenson fairly "appreciated" by a half-hearted defence against the criticisms of smart schoolboys of this age of disillusion, and by faint praise. Palmerston is perhaps fairer game for the school; but the fact remains that even the age of Victoria produced great men and that they deserve to be considered seriously quite as much as the Georgians whom, living, we adulate. And by several of their authors the editors have been well served. Mr. Cardus' *W.G.* is a little gem which almost alone justifies the 600 pages. And Lord Ponsonby has made a sound, stimulating, informed, valuable, and (as he always does) amusing study of Gladstone. The Brontës, too, are well done by shrewd and understanding critics, and Mr. O'Neill's *Samuel Butler* strikes the right note of rather dreary and defeated genius. The study of General Booth is vivid as a nightmare and not so easily forgotten in its tawdry dinginess. Yet I am not in doubt that the notices of these Great Victorians in *D.N.B.* are in the aggregate not only infinitely more valuable but are immeasurably more amusing reading than the pages allotted them in this volume.

BURN MORE COAL!—The Coal Utilization Council, formed to promote the use and sale of coal, possesses live-wire directors, and is launching a propaganda campaign to promote the use and sale of coal. The small user of domestic coal hears of this campaign and presumes that such small fry as he are not worthy of being included in such a campaign. The price of domestic coal has steadily risen; every year, where I live, a little more is added to it. I remember when I could get the necessary "best kitchen" delivered for 33s. Now I must pay 40s. 7d. a ton. While the price has risen the consumer, whose traditions are rooted in coal, has been against his will driven away from coal.

THE OLD STAGER.

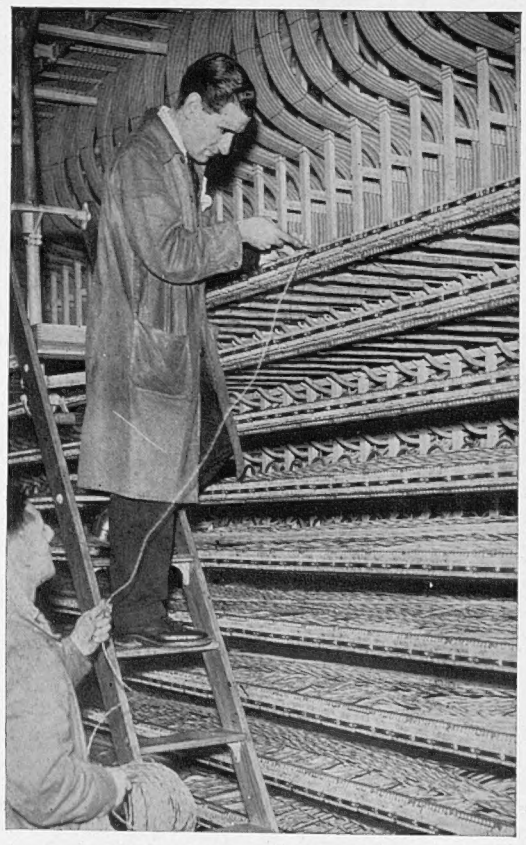
PLAYING AN UNUSUAL RÔLE: Well-known actresses act as sandwich men to advertise the midnight performance of *Words and Music* held for the Actors' Benevolent Fund

THE SERVICES: A group on board H.M.S. *Wallace*, one of the four destroyers to entertain the training company of the Gordon Highlanders stationed at Castlehill



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: Fräulein Febye, the noted German actress, riding in the Row

NATURAL HISTORY IN NATURE'S SCHOOL: An elementary botany class in St. James's Park



THE LARGEST TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN BRITAIN is that in Farm Street, Mayfair, which is to operate in November. The automatic system is to embrace four exchanges with 30,000 lines. An engineer is seen above at work on it

INTERLUDE IN THE MIDDLESEX GUILDHALL was provided when Sir Montague Sharpe, K.G., presented the Middlesex Justices Shields for Rifle and Lewis Gun to representatives of the 7th Batt., commanded by Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Murray, of the Middlesex Regiment

SOUTHAMPTON'S NEW DOCK

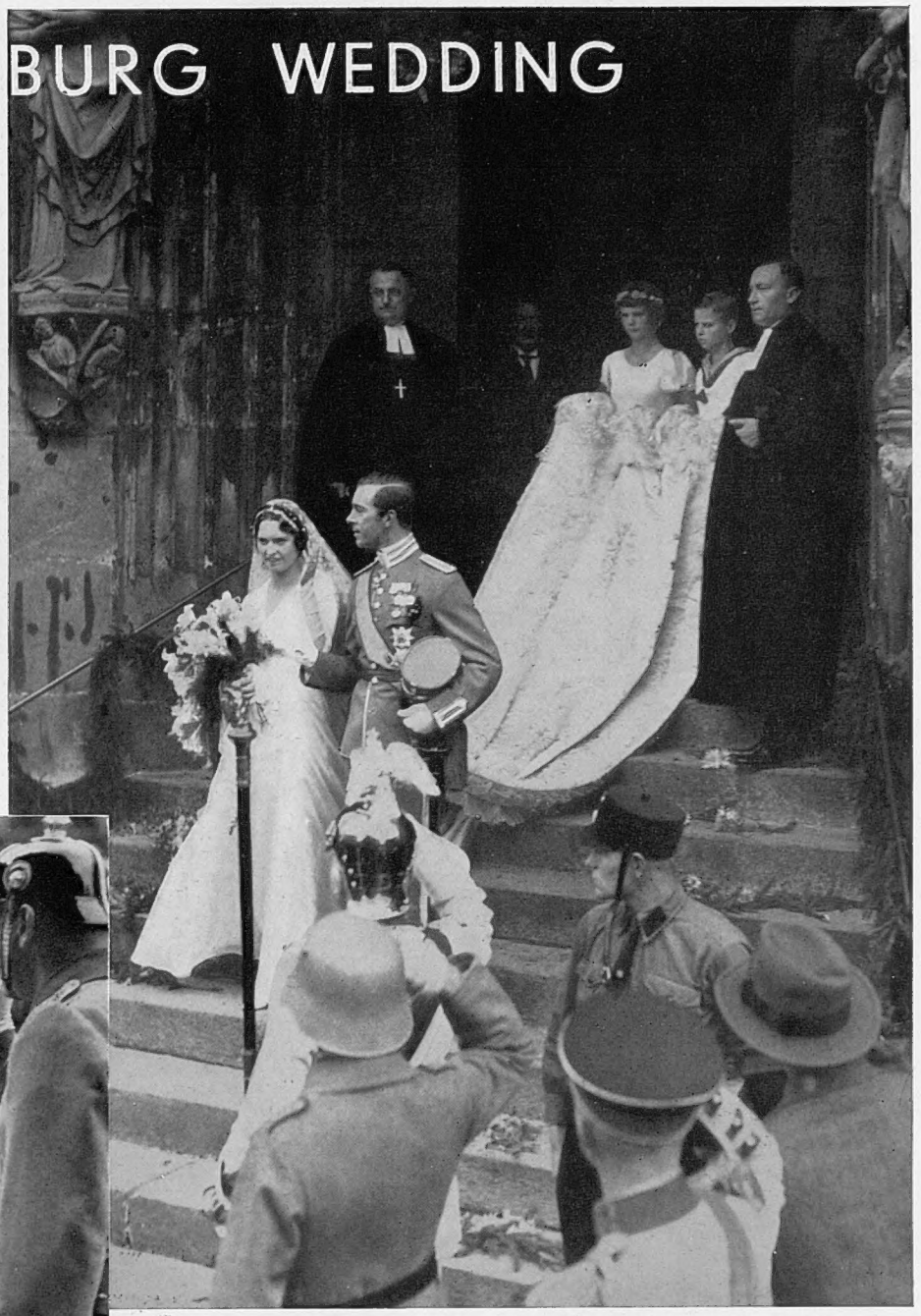
CHRISTENING THE NEW DOCK: The giant Cunarder, *Mauretania*, entering the new dock at Southampton for her winter overhaul. Fittingly enough, this superb old ocean greyhound, still capable, despite her twenty odd years, of giving even the fastest of the new ships a severe race, was the first ship to undergo repairs in the new dock—the last word in modernity of design and efficiency of organization—which puts the coping stone on the waterside commercial edifice of the port

THE PASSING OF AN AGE

The death last week of Comte Boni de Castellane marks not the annihilation of an individual but the passing of an age—the age of the dandy, the great social figure whose entertainments were things at which to marvel. This striking representative who may truly be called the last of the beaux—a dynasty going back to Gaveston and numbering Nash and Brummell as members of its house—is seen with his wife, a member of the family of Gould, on the *left*. *On right* is a group at one of the great balls he gave. Comte de Castellane appears second from the right

KINGS AT A COBURG WEDDING

A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION was held on the eve of the civil ceremony that formed a portion of the Coburg wedding celebrations. In the foreground is a glee club singing an epithalamium



BRIDE AND GROOM: Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden with Princess Sibylle of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha after the wedding ceremony. No fewer than sixty-four royalties were assembled at this great function

ROYALTIES OF SWEDEN: Princess Ingrid on the left, the Crown Prince and Prince Gustav Adolf on the right, while *inset above* is a glimpse of Princess Sibylle of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha entering the church at Coburg, where sixty-four royalties were gathered to do her honour

THE EX-TSAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA arrives for the Coburg wedding, a function at which members of our Royal Family met Hohenzollerns for the first time in twenty years. "Ex" was a forbidden prefix at the wedding

The MEANS TEST and

THE HOME OF LOST CAUSES identified itself with the recent Hunger March, for several idealistic undergraduates of Left sympathies headed the Lancashire contingent which marched to London. "Progs" and their "bullers" noted down the names of those members of the University of both sexes who participated

A year ago the Means Test did not signify very much to the public of Britain, except to those who were unfortunate enough to have been unemployed for a considerable period. One knew vaguely that it was something to do with fixing rates of unemployment relief and that it was one step towards economy in public expenditure, but that was about all. To-day the Means Test has become a question of public discussion and national importance—the subject of impassioned speeches in and out of the House of Commons, the cause of street demonstrations, a weapon of revolutionary agitation, and an urgent concern of the Cabinet.

There have been much misconception and misrepresentation as to what the Means Test is and does, but really it is quite simple. Britain's unemployed can be divided into three main categories. First, those who have paid the required number of contributions to the Insurance Fund and who are thus entitled to draw benefit. They have the full number of stamps on their cards and are properly entitled to receive back what they, their former employers, and the State have paid in week by week to the Insurance Fund. These number about 1,600,000. Second, those who have been unemployed long enough to exhaust their right to benefit, but who, belonging to an insurable trade, can claim what is known as transitional benefit. Third, there are those, such as agricultural workers and domestic servants, who are not entitled to benefit under the Insurance Acts, but to public relief only.

It is quite wrong to assume that the Means Test is applied to all the unemployed. It is applied to the second category, not to the large body of the unemployed who are entitled to benefit.

The Means Test simply means that when an unemployed man or woman claims transitional benefit he or she has to submit to an inquiry as to any other income or means of support they may possess. This seems to be a perfectly reasonable proceeding. It has been laid down by no other than Mr. George Lansbury that "we Socialists do not desire that public money should be given to persons who in their own right possess the means for maintaining themselves." The Means Test has been denounced as an "inquisition." If it is, so is Income Tax. Every Income Tax payer is subjected to a very careful and detailed examination of his or her means every year, and is taxed accordingly, to provide money for the payment, among other things, of transitional benefit.

It has been said that the real originator of the Means Test was Mr. Arthur Greenwood when Minister of Health in the last Socialist Government. Mr. Greenwood has denied this with some force, but it remains that on January 3, 1930, his Ministry, presumably with his permission, issued a circular which laid it down that the proper criterion of relief was "the needs of the individual household"; that "each case must be considered on its merits," and that "the income and means of a household from every source must be taken into account." Further, Sir Herbert Samuel stated very definitely and categorically that "the Labour Cabinet unanimously accepted the principle that in cases where there was no need the payments of benefit should not be continued or might be diminished." Be this as it may, the Means Test was suggested in the May Economy Report, and was adopted by the National Government in the economy proposals contained in the Supplementary Budget of September, 1931.

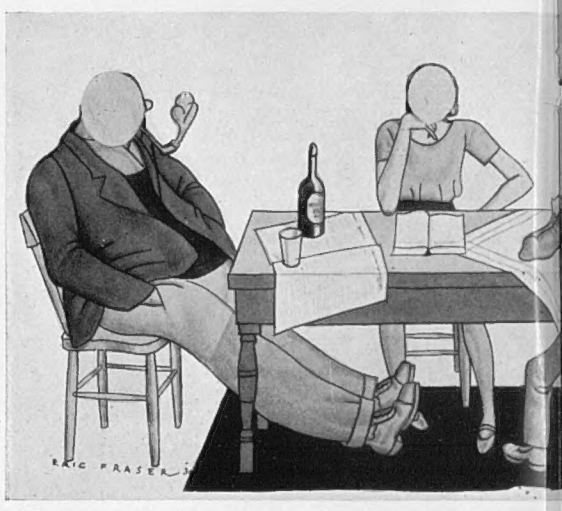
THE BARRICADES in the streets of Belfast during the recent rioting. Baker Street, seen above, was one of the fiercest centres of strife in the always fierce Cullingtree Road area

There was never any doubt as to the need of it, for about 350,000 persons were on transitional benefit, and it was an open secret that the Insurance Acts were being scientifically abused. Nor is there any doubt as to the value of the Means Test in practice. Up to the middle of January it had been applied to about 1,000,000 claimants for transitional benefit. After investigation of their claims, about one-half were granted relief at normal rates, one-third were given relief at a reduced rate, and one-sixth—about 260,000—were found to be in no need of relief. Out of just over 12,000 applications for transitional benefit in London nearly 30 per cent. were found not to be in need of assistance. In the period November 12, 1931, to May 7, 1932, well over half a million applications to the Public Assistance Committees were refused, as there was evidence of other sources of income.

The whole trouble about the Means Test is not its principles but the methods, or rather variety of methods, of its application. When it was brought into operation the Government left it very largely to the Public Assistance Committees to fix their own scales of the "needs" of applicants. The result has been that the test has been applied very differently in different areas, and even in different parts of the same town. Some committees have compelled claimants to sell their furniture, while others have counted disability pensions against claimants. Such instances have aroused legitimate indignation, which Socialist and Communist propagandists have not been slow to exploit and use against the Government. The Cabinet cannot avoid all blame for the present situation, and the introduction of a Bill to reform and make uniform the Means Test is long overdue. Instead of taking action earlier and so defeating the purpose of those who exploited grievances to produce the riots at Birkenhead, North Shields, and elsewhere, they have waited for the report and recommendations of the Royal Commission on Unemployment. The Report has not yet appeared because the Commission seems to be unable to agree in its deliberations. There is an obvious need for the Means Test, but there is an equally obvious need for the removal of abuses. That is the purpose of the new Government Bill.

The tragic side to the whole business is that it has given the Communists, under orders from their masters in Moscow, the opportunity to carry out a brutal and merciless exploitation of the unemployed. As soon as the Test was put into operation and the anomalies in administration began to appear, the experts in Moscow saw the opportunity of exploiting it for purposes of revolutionary agitation. Orders were sent to the Executive of the Communist Party in this country, who in their turn ordered the National Unemployed Workers' Movement, the Red organization for the unemployed, to start a "Down with the Means Test" agitation. The result has been disorders and riots in Bristol, Birkenhead, Liverpool, London, Belfast, Glasgow, North Shields, and elsewhere, and the "Hunger March" which finished in London this week. It may seem a far cry from a looted baker's shop off the Waterloo Road, or a hundred or so shabby, wet, tired men from Glasgow tramping the streets of London, to the council chamber of the Comintern in Moscow, but they have a very intimate connection. The disorders of this autumn are really a very complete example of revolutionary strategy.

All last autumn and winter the Communists were busy stirring up strife, especially among the unemployed, and as a result there were sporadic outbreaks of civil disorder in London and other centres. The Red campaign was continued into the spring, and the two riots in Bristol were part of it; but Moscow was not satisfied. The British Communist leaders were told very bluntly that they had failed to exploit the national crisis. In August the Twelfth Plenum of the Communist International was held in Moscow, the conspicuous Harry Pollitt and other British Reds being present. Very full instructions for Communist work amongst the unemployed in this country were issued.



THE MEANS TEST: This picture of a working class family was then receiving 17s. a week plus 2s. a week for mother, an unemployed laundry hand, was drawing £4 a week, a younger son employed as a messenger Means Test, probably, the children's allowance would the daughter would be disallowed. The mother would per week, still allowing £6 9s. 6d. for a family of

In case there should be any doubt about the connection between Moscow and the riots which took place in London last week I will quote the original orders:—

"The XII Plenum of the Executive Committee of the Communist International directs the special attention of all sections of the Comintern to the tremendous and ever-growing significance of the unemployed movement. . . ." "We have to mobilize and organize the unemployed. . . . In addition to demonstrations we must organize unemployed mass meetings, hunger marches, mass delegations to public bodies, mass petition campaigns." The full significance of these orders, which are being carried out to the letter, may be appreciated when they are considered with the following sentences from a speech made by Manuilsky, one of the most important of the Soviet leaders, at the Plenum:

The cause of Socialism would make immeasurably greater progress in the U.S.S.R. if we got help from your side in the form of a proletarian revolution."

The question is often asked, "Why is it worth Moscow's while to go on spending money on Communist agitation in Britain?" This declaration seems to provide the answer when we remember that we have it on the authority of the Soviet leaders that "the Five Year Plan is a plan of world revolution."

With the return of Pollitt and the others from Moscow the Communists began to get busy.

All the Moscow-controlled organizations were brought into play. The National Unemployed Workers' Movement organized the actual march; the National Minority Movement, British section, of the Red International of Labour Unions, was detailed to work up agitation in the factories in connection with it. The Young Communist League, British section of the Young Communist International, was set the task of finding billets for the marchers. The Workers' International Relief, a branch of the Moscow "Mezhrabom," was put on to raising funds for food and clothing; and the International Labour Defence, a part of the Moscow organization M.O.P.R., began to make arrangements for the legal defence of demonstrators who might come into conflict with authority.

WHAT IT MEANS

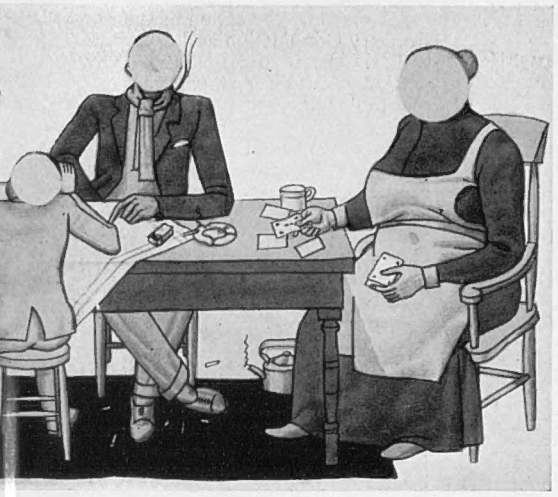
In the Light of the Communistic Agitation which Lies Behind the Present Marches and Rioting

By J. BAKER-WHITE

By far the most serious disturbances were in Birkenhead and Belfast, and there is a remarkable and significant similarity between them. At Birkenhead disturbances broke out on a definite plan after dark. Street lamps were systematically smashed; rough barricades of road-repairing material were erected, trip wires and barbed wire were stretched across the streets, man-holes were opened, shops were looted, and murderous attacks made on the police. In the words of the Home Secretary, "at Birkenhead the technique of street fighting, which has been advocated by the Communist International, has been considerably developed."

In Belfast also the main disturbances were after dark. Barricades of road material were thrown up, shops were looted, gangs of incendiaries fired municipal buildings and property, whole streets were plunged into darkness, the police were fired on, and efforts were made at the systematic collection of arms for use against them.

A fact not generally known about the Belfast riots is that a plan for declaring a "Workers' Soviet Republic" was formulated, and a manifesto was actually prepared. The two things that prevented the plan from being put into operation were the courage and efficiency of the Belfast police and the cowardice of the revolutionary leaders. But here is the significance of Belfast and Birkenhead. In 1905, at the time of the abortive Russian revolution, Lenin laid it down that "the detachments should arm themselves as best they can—rifles, revolvers, bombs, knives, ropes or rope ladders, spades for constructing barricades, barbed wire, nails against cavalry, etc. In no case should outside help be expected, everything should be procured personally." These instructions are repeated in a book entitled *Armed Insurrection*, published by the Communists in Paris at the end of last year, written by a man who has had active experience of street fighting, and recommended as "extremely useful to every Communist and to every revolutionary proletarian."



Drawn by Eric Fraser

was designed to show the workings of the Dole. The father each of two children. The daughter was drawing 9s., the 15s. The earned income was derived from a son making at 25s. a week—a total family income of £8. Under the be maintained; the father would be cut to 5s. 6d. and be reduced to 5s.—a net saving to the State of 30s. 6d. seven, four of whom are presumably under twenty-one

The disorders in South London and the "Hunger March" which has ended in London this week are all part of the Red plan. Both are examples of the brutality of Communism. The Reds who organized the march to the County Hall knew the police regulations for street demonstrations just as well as the police did themselves. They knew that any such march was prohibited—they knew that it would be broken up. Yet by leaflet, newspaper article, and speech they deliberately set out to persuade some thousands of unemployed, mainly irresponsible, easily-duped youths, to march against the police. The outcome was, of course, civil disorder, but the Red leaders who had driven the mob against the police escaped scot free.

Again the Hunger March is sheer brutal exploitation of the unemployed. Something under 2,000 workless men and women from Scotland, the Tyneside, Lancashire, Yorkshire, East Anglia, the Midlands, South Wales, and the West have been dragged over the hard, wet roads of England to demonstrate in London. I have seen some of them on the road, wet, tired, ill-clad, duped by Communist propaganda into believing that their pathetic march will benefit them and their unemployed comrades. The Communists have produced a pamphlet for them entitled "Why We Are Marching." I asked one young marcher of the Yorkshire contingent why he was marching. "God knows," he replied. Disillusion had come to him, just as it comes sooner or later to all the dupes of Moscow.

What makes this exploitation of the unemployed all the more wicked is that the men responsible for it, physical and mental cowards that they are, take great care to avoid being hurt themselves. For ten years now I have been attending Communist demonstrations. I have seen not a few disorders in that time, but I cannot recollect ever having seen any national Communist leader suffer any grievous injury in the cause of revolution. I have seen them round the corner out of harm's way, giving orders to others. On the occasion of a disturbance outside Victoria Station, I saw the then leader of the British "Red Army" disappear hurriedly into a teashop when the mounted police forced back his followers. In the disturbances near County Hall last week a number of people were arrested. There was not one Communist leader of importance among them. And here is testimony with regard to the conduct of the leaders of the Belfast riots:

"Those who were organizing the outdoor-relief workers made speeches on the night of October 10, stating that it was their intention to go on with the demonstration next day, which had been 'proclaimed' by the authorities. Knowing Belfast as I do, I have no hesitation in declaring that this was a stupid—a wilfully stupid—blunder on the part of certain people. No man who does not intend to face danger should incite innocent people to challenge armed forces, and this is precisely what happened in Belfast. *Those who made the pretence of leading the helpless masses in defiance of authority were missing at the critical hour. Some of them never emerged from their hiding places until the trouble had almost subsided.* Some of us in the Labour Movement have been informed on reliable authority that the so-called leaders of the unemployed (self-chosen in almost every case) held a private meeting before the trouble started, at which they decided to 'lie low'—this, I suppose, on the principle that 'Generals should die in bed.'"

This is the testimony of Alderman Harry Midgley, Chairman of the Labour Party of North Ireland, published in the left-wing Socialist paper *Forward*.

There has been a good deal of criticism from certain quarters of the conduct of the police at Belfast, Birkenhead, Liverpool, and particularly in London in connection with these disorders. There have been allegations of brutality and provocation made against a force which cannot reply to their attacks, and there have even been demands for a Home Office inquiry. So far as Belfast is concerned, I am informed that the handling by the police of a dangerous and difficult situation was masterly.

At Birkenhead they were outnumbered by about a hundred to one. They were dealing not with a political demonstration, but with hooliganism of the worst kind. Much has been made of the police motor-cycle charge at Liverpool. The truth about that charge—it was over in something under a quarter of an hour—is that it brought to a very speedy conclusion a disorderly demonstration that threatened to reach serious proportions.

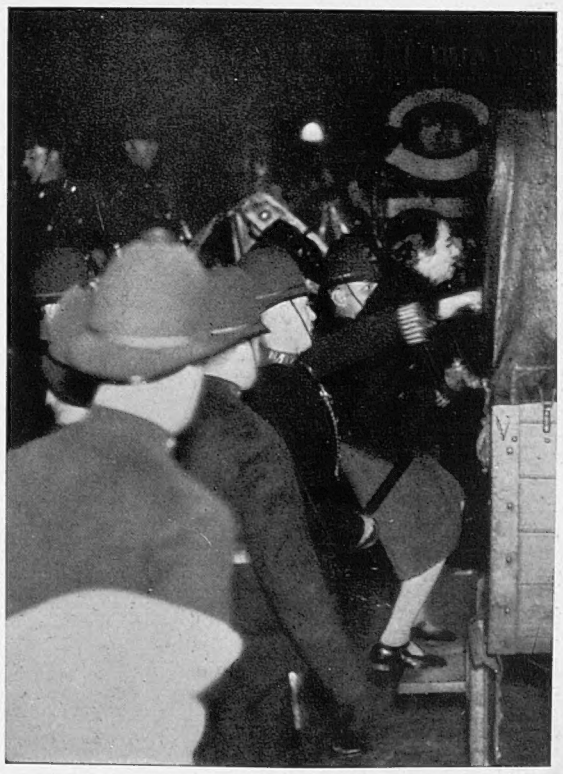
The conduct of the police in dealing with the South London disorders last week has been criticized by Mr. Lansbury and other Socialist leaders, and the usual allegations of "police brutality" and "merciless batoning" have been made by other interested persons. Here I can speak from personal experience. At various times between 6.30 p.m. and midnight on the night in question I was in different streets in the St. George's Circus-Waterloo-Lower Marsh area. In my ten years of attending such demonstrations I do not think I have seen such patience and tolerance in the face of unexampled provocation as that shown by the police that night.

There are certain facts that their critics seem to forget. For weeks past the police had been threatened with physial violence. The men who were out to "get" the police were armed with iron bars, pieces of solid rubber tubing, broken milk bottles (the bottoms knocked off ready to jab into a policeman's face), bricks, and stones. The police had nothing but their truncheons. Certain Socialist politicians seem very exercised about incidents that took place in the Lower Marsh and adjacent streets towards midnight on October 18. I do not think these worthy gentlemen were in the Lower Marsh that night. I was, and was able to see with my own eyes what they do not appear to realize, namely, that the police were dealing not with a political demonstration, but with an organized attempt to loot shops and destroy property. Even so I was amazed at their tolerance.

In the disturbances on the night of October 18 only thirteen people out of a crowd of over ten thousand were treated for injuries. Thirty-seven police officers were injured, some severely. These figures are eloquent of the tolerance of the police.

And so day after day and week after week the revolutionary attack on Britain goes on. I will quote the words of a man who probably knows more about the "inside" of the Red movement than anyone else in the country. "For years Moscow has been sending agents through the East propagating one slogan, 'Boycott British Goods.' The result has been fewer orders for Lancashire and Yorkshire textiles, and less work for associated industries. Moscow has then sent agents among the people who have been thrown out of work by the boycott campaign, urging them to revolt against capitalism." That of course is revolutionary strategy in practice. In Britain to-day it means the merciless and brutal exploitation of the unemployed in the interests of Moscow by a group of well-fed, well-paid agitators who save their own skins.

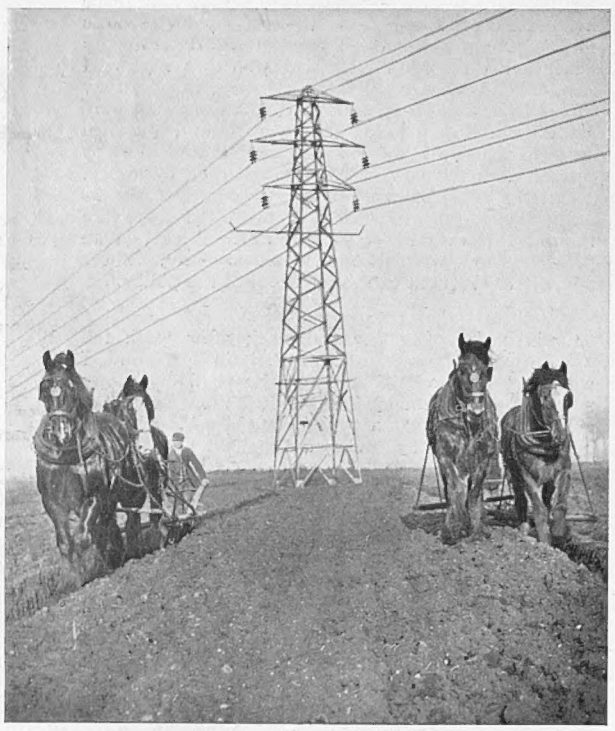
AFTERMATH: The windows of a baker's shop show the trend of the new Communist policy. The demonstration, heralded as purely political, of the hunger marchers turned to an extremely unpleasant riot accompanied with looting—especially in the Lower Marsh area—the result of instigation and agitation by those who did not participate even to lead their dupes



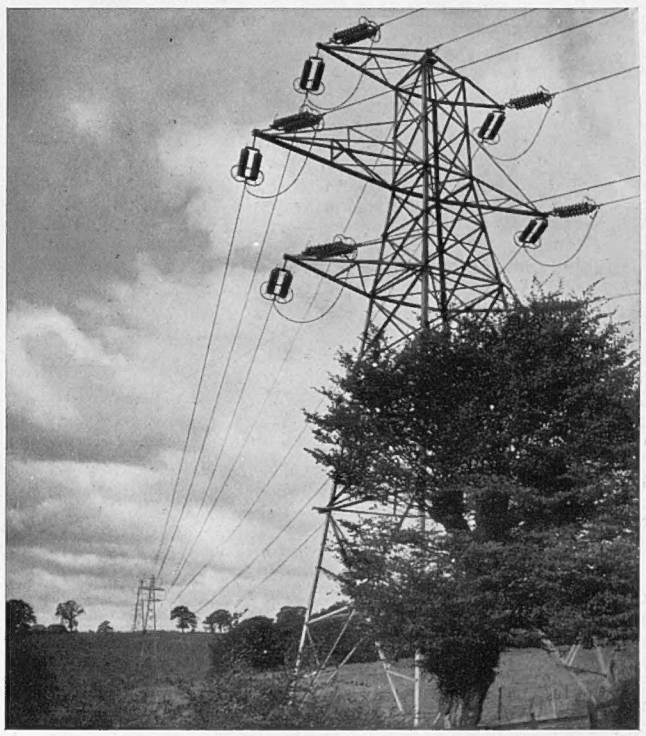
RED MARY AND THE BLACK MARIA: An arrested woman placed in the police van during the riots in the New Cut when a nominally political demonstration turned into an exhibition of hooliganism

SAVE THE NEW FOREST:

"UNMAIMED, UNSULLIED, AND UNMARRED"—AS YET! The wide sweep of Hampshire land over which one may at present canter or stride at will, unhampered physically and undisturbed æsthetically by the intrusion of anachronistic and unsightly excrescences in the shape of electric cable-bearing pylons. There is grave danger that this halcyon state will not endure for long, for there is a strong movement on foot to link up the grid scheme by a short cut across the north-west corner of the forest



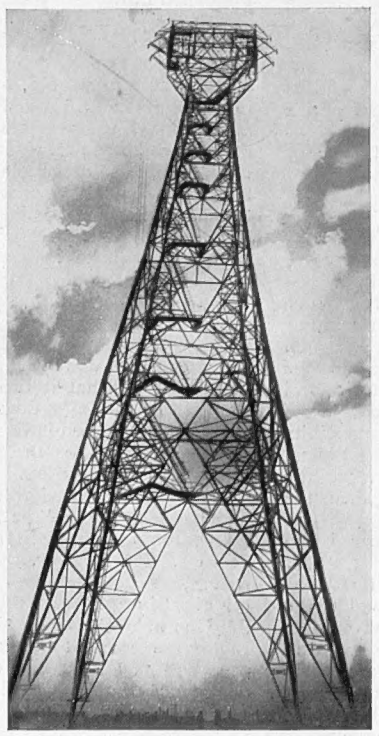
PLOUGHLAND IN ESSEX has already "rashed" with the manifestations of the virus of modernity. The dubious permanence of the scheme is an additional objection to it



TYPICAL COUNTRY VIEW — a picture from Potter's Bar

Charles E. Brown

"ON N'Y PYLONERA PAS!" might be the slogan adopted by those who wish to preserve the New Forest in all its pristine—and its present—beauty. Such a landscape as this, it is felt, should not be disfigured by the intrusion of grid schemes



ENGLAND'S TALLEST PYLON carries cables across the river; 360 ft. high it towers as tall as St. Paul's

A Plea for the Preservation of an Historic Forest which is Crown Land Property

A determined effort is being made to save the New Forest from the intrusions of pylons bearing the electricity grid cables which are so unwelcome a sight in many parts of the country. The question is a very special one in this case, for the area concerned is a tract of open Crown land containing magnificent views, and is dedicated to the use of the nation, the public having free access to the wide, open vales comprising the forest.

This area is protected against the building operations which may at any time attack ordinary agricultural land which may happen to be a national beauty spot. The area, however, appears to be in grave danger from the wide powers given to, or assumed by, the Central Electricity Board.

In characteristically drastic fashion the Board originally proposed to smash a pylon line through the main part of the forest. This move was checkmated by the action of the Forestry Commission and other bodies. It is the north-west portion of the forest which is now in danger. The views given here have been taken specially to show the kind of scenery through which the Board proposes to run a line of its pagoda-like creations.

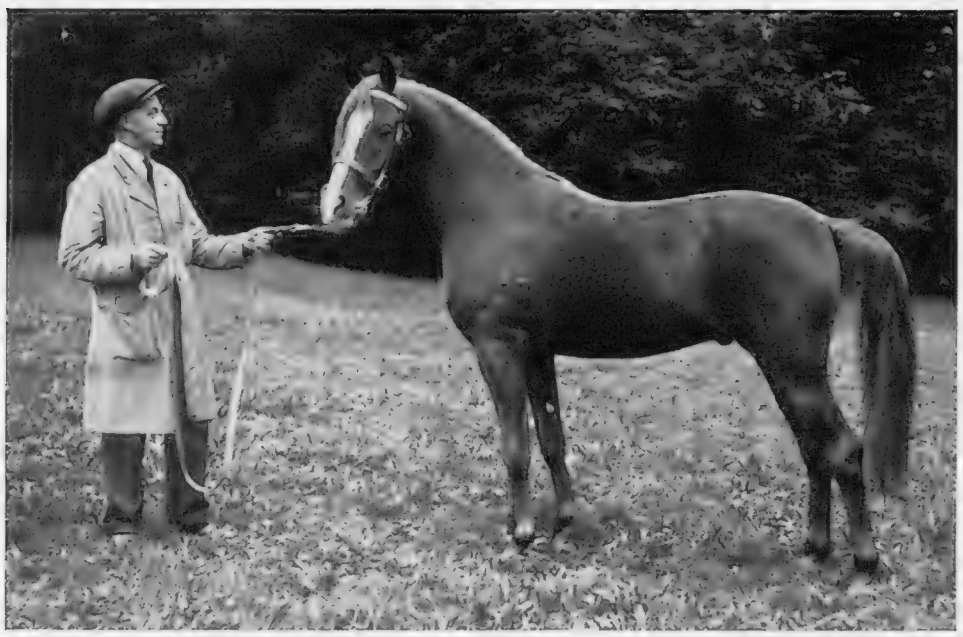
It is held by many that this district is an especially beautiful and historic one, and should be preserved in its present condition for future ages, but over and above this there is the major point that the forest is Crown land dedicated to the use of the public, and as such should be immune from extraneous attacks. We have here a case of infringement of rights by a powerful body controlled by mechanically-minded persons, who seem unable to appreciate the point that a special district like this should be ruled out of any grid scheme; that any scheme that may be devised in connection with their grid must go *round* this area and not *over* it.

The prominent residents of the forest are not alone in their opposition to the pylons. The commoners, who exercise rights of common, such as the grazing of cattle and ponies, and obtaining fern and firewood from the forest, are strongly against any interference with their rights by such erections. The ancient Court of Verderers, the guardians of the rights of the Commoners, have loyally supported the Forestry Commission in their refusal to allow pylons in the forest.

The troublesome feature of the whole grid scheme is the thought that it may become completely obsolete in the near future, when it may become possible to transmit electrical power from point to point without the use of cables. This thought is particularly disturbing in connection with the big electrical cable bridge across the Thames. Here, as our readers know, the cables are slung across the river from metal poles. This simple, almost boyish, solution of the problem follows the form of bridge used by primitive races in Central Asia, but any advanced electrical technician must feel that it is an extremely primitive method of dealing with the problem. In all these matters, of course, the grid-ites have their own views of things, and we hope to give their case in a following issue.

AN ARAB STUD FARM

in the Surrey Hills



"AZYM"—THE SUPERB ONE: A three-year-old chestnut stallion who has taken prizes as a colt. The very special white blaze is inherited from his great-great grandsire, Mesaoud, a famous Arab imported by the late Wilfrid Blunt

"AZIMAT HILAYAT"—THE BEAUTIFUL GIFT: An Arab stallion by Sher-i-Khurshid out of Alfarouse. Behind is the mare Mareesa, aged over thirty—the ancestress of the entire stud whose grandsire and granddam were both imported. She was ridden until five years ago. Arab breeds are especially valuable for crossing with other breeds, and in particular for the production of polo ponies, light hunters, hacks, and light cavalry horses

"ALMULID A JILFA BULAD OF IBN JEDDA": A superb Arab stallion by Skowronek out of Alfarouse. The son of champions, he is a prize-winner himself and the sire of prize-winning foals. "Almulid" means "birthday" and he was so christened as he shares his natal day with his mistress

"ALFILA"—THE NOBLE ONE: A four-year-old bay filly. Looking out of the box is another four-year-old filly, Surayya, both of whom are very docile even for Arab horses

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

A PASTURE with Alfila, Fahmida, and Surayya, three Arab fillies, with Holmbury Hill in the distance

High up on the Surrey hills—some 800 ft. above sea level—near Holmbury St. Mary, the wandering stranger may catch a glimpse through high hedges of the unmistakable outline of a true Arab steed. The graceful animal will prove to be one of the pedigree notables of the Arab Stud Farm belonging to Mr. Roland Vaughan-Williams, K.C., and the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan-Williams. Both are members of the Arab Horse Society in whose official publications one can find the pedigrees of all Arab horses of distinction. Among these are some now at High Ashes Farm, where the Vaughan-Williams stud is located. These pictures were taken a few days ago on the stud farm from which one obtains charming views of the country beyond Leith Hill

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THE FRENCH SECRET SERVICE

Is a New Dreyfus Case on the Tapis?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

It gives me pleasure to write about the French Deuxième Bureau—now much under discussion in Paris—because French scriveners never tire of writing about the Intelligence Secret Service *(sic)*. Long ago in these pages I sought to trace the reason of this queer phobia—why not give us a rest and switch on to the Italian or the American or the Muscovite S.S.—and I recollect advancing the notion that it was the English gold with which we occultly sowed the Continent to Boney's ultimate undoing that was primarily responsible. After that, the next milestone, I think, was Colonel Lawrence. Paris scriveners have located the hermit of Hythe all over the East since 1919, now running a rickshaw, now presiding over Brahmin rites, now whispering in Krim's ear, dressed as a dancing girl. These legends will work their effect, you know. Lawrence—Anglais—spy. Say it often enough, plug it, et puis voilà!

At all events, WE ARE THE SPIES. One would assume we litter the Continent to-day. So much so that each successive British subject murdered in France is arbitrarily labelled as having worked for the Intelligence Secret Service. This has become a habit. In the cases of Miss Daniels, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Owen, Miss Branson, Mr. Lee, and now Mr. Ross—one arrest (acquitted) for the whole unhappy band—imaginings on the Grande Presse at once assumed twin directives: that the victim had unmentionable vice and that he or she was spying on France. Not a tittle of evidence, ever, to support either assertion, yet in a land where libelling the living or the dead is, alas! of such small consequence, what does that matter?

In the case of our Vice-Consul at Marseilles, who, it latterly emerged in the Paris Courts, was killed because he knew too much about the drug traffic in the Mediterranean, I specifically recall that the local juge d'instruction threw in his hand with the words, "Ou l'Intelligence Service entre, moi, je sors!" That, mind you, on the strength of poisonous press vapour and on the strength of that alone. I am quite sure that if anything violent ever happened to me in France I should be a front page for a week. A real, live (perhaps) ex-Intelligence officer; and look at his papers—been across twenty-four frontiers this year alone; why all this amazing travel; and then they say he spent money freely (groans); where did he get it? and then they say . . . but, no, I'll spare you what *else* they'd say!

Perhaps in instancing l'or anglais of long ago, and Lawrence as the principal actuating causes of the phobia I err by omission. Our Secret Service is safe and accurate, and it was the best at the testing time—perhaps respect for that fact also contributes to the phobia. But it does not litter! Small, but good. I know intimately one of our rare contemporary agents on the Continent. We grew up in Intelligence together, as it were, since 'Fifteen in Flanders; whenever I visit X we feed together. He is in a perfectly above-board job. I remember once saying, "How do you send your stuff back now? Coded broadcast music? Or in their eyelashes?"

To which came casually, "Don't be a damn fool. I've nothing whatever to do with the business."

Whereat I raised a glass, beamed winningly enough, and said, "Cheers!"

To come back to our muttons, let us for once in a peacock-blue moon return the compliment and contemplate the remarkably unspying French themselves. One of their agents arrested this week in connection with the Aéropostale scandal was matriculated No. 531. Poor old Mata Hari (who, by the way, would have been tickled to death at the Garbo version), was only H 21 though admittedly she joined up early, on August 1, 1914. None the less, 531 is a healthy enough number of agents to have on one's books in peace-time, and yet, while leaving us leagues and leagues behind, it probably isn't anything like the grand total operating for France.

At the height of the Rhineland Occupation the French had pressed into their service no fewer than 1,800 agents, provokers, indicators, pigeons (listeners among friends), é patati. Headquarters were at Mainz, the Paris Sûreté was in charge, and, if I remember rightly, the espionage "cells" numbered sixteen, and were camouflaged as "statistical bureaux." Naturally, circumstances were exceptional; I merely wish to point out that for a country for ever harping on how *she* is being spied upon France can be pretty hot stuff herself. ("France." How one should be careful in using that word. For so many who use it what does it apply to but that unique Paris bloc, so vain, so nest-feathering, and trading on fear instilled, which has alienated so many valuable friends, yet which in no way represents the majority France, as sensible about war and how to avoid it as ourselves?)

The Aéropostale affair, with its strong Dreyfus bordereau tang, which has put the French Secret Service à la page, may be summarized as follows: Eighteen months ago the French air line linking with South America via Senegal–Natal went smash, but the Laval, and later, the Tardieu Government kept it afloat with a £1,000,000 annual subsidy "to save national prestige." Rumours of gross falsification spread, and one day the Socialists charged that Flandin, the Finance Minister, was also legal adviser to the company (the same as Minister of Justice, Raoul Péret, and the arrested banker, Oustric). The upshot was an inquiry ordered in S. America which was carried out by one Chaumié, chief of civil aviation and the Dreyfus of the story. He reported very seriously.

That was a year ago. Yet nothing happened. "L'affaire traînait." Perhaps it was convenient to several that it should, but all good times come to an end, and four months ago the honest Painlevé returned to the Air Ministry and quickly opened drawers. It was then that André Bouilloux-Lafont, head of the Aéropostale, came to the Ministry and produced a batch of documents (douze pièces) showing that P. L. Weiller, the active Cidna rival of Aéropostale and head of the powerful Gnôme et Rhône Company, had sold 45,000,000 francs worth of shares to the German Lufthansa, and that the two were planning to take over the Aeropostale.

Trahison! We are already deep in Dreyfus. We go deeper. The documents also said that Chaumié (who was in the way) had received £2,500 for being complacent over the deal. Invited to say whence he had procured the documents, Bouilloux-Lafont named one Serge Lucco (No. 531), and it also emerged that a senior agent, Comte Jean de Lubersac, had carried out some discreet bank checking-up. The documents were soon proved forgeries—Lucco and another man, Pichery, have since admitted faking them to order—and they and Lubersac were arrested.

Nevertheless, the documents had been vetted by the Deuxième Bureau of the Army and duly passed on to the Prefecture of Police and to the Air Ministry, though under all reserve. Still, they had been passed on by the General Staff. Several agents of the Sûreté, including one with the striking name of Faux-Pas-Bidet, are also involved. And in the background are Tardieu, who has suddenly taken a liking for Italy after buying a vast domain near Avignon, and Flandin. In sum: we see the honest Chaumié assailed by forged documents which had been through the hands of the Deuxième Bureau, that same "I" branch whence emanated Dreyfus' doom. The Zola of the story thus far is Léon Blum.

As I see it, there is a flaw in the organization of the French Army "I" branch in that it is too much mixed up with "les policiers." We have our contact between War Office and F.O. and the Special Branch at Scotland Yard, but nothing like to the same extent either in numbers, intimacy, or work. I shall envisage here the French Secret Service in two realms, for clarity, but in honest truth all appears to be merged in one.

The Deuxième Bureau of the Army, with which I had many associations at Joffre's headquarters at Chantilly, is Military Intelligence as a whole and controls a group of sections: (a) foreign armies, (b) foreign armaments, (c) wireless, (d) press, (e) political, (f) agents, (g) internal communism, (h) possible enemy territory to be occupied, (i) counter espionage, and so on—I give the list in no particular order. There also exist now special artillery and air intelligence sections. The sections involved in the present business are (f) and (i) and they are amalgamated under the style of Service des Renseignements or, more familiarly, S.R.

THE HEAD OF THE SURETE: M. Guichard, who, under the French system of "I," has to keep in far closer touch with Intelligence and Government than Scotland Yard

The S.R., which is conducted by staff officers, recruits the gentry commonly known as spies, or, rather, some of them, and this is where we branch off from what one understands happens elsewhere. In France, a civil branch, the Sûreté Générale, coming direct under the Home Office, also recruits agents. In fact, very much so. Because—these "policiers" have charge of the repression of spying in France, and when one mentions that there are some 4,000,000 foreigners resident or transient in the country and that the perils of grave military sabotage in certain eventualities, alike from communists and certain foreigners, are real and heavy perils, the zeal displayed may be understandable if somewhat obnoxious to the average French citizen.

For, let us out with it: if we except the freaks, Italy and Russia, no people are currently so spied upon as are the French by their own "policiers." The eternal dossier-collecting must beat that procession of newspapers to the British Museum. The innate suspicion in the French character ordains such constant hovering over the individual and his life.

There exists the closest possible liaison between the Sûreté and the Service des Renseignements, and because agents of the former are apt to get mixed up in unsavoury affairs, such as the death of Philippe Daudet's son or the exit of Mr. Ross, who made an epic fight of it in a house that was later ransacked and not for gain, because civil agents are sometimes thugs of liberated criminals; this is apt to diminish respect for that Deuxième Bureau, which superintends the whole business from upstairs. Great capital is also being made against it at the moment because of its involvement in this new affair so unpleasantly reminiscent of Esterhazy and Henry.

It may be that politics do impinge on the Deuxième Bureau far more than is the case in London; also, that there occurs more to hide, in Paris, than by the Thames; that venality in high places is not absent. This is all to the misfortune of the Deuxième Bureau, already, as I have suggested, handicapped by its too close attachment to "les policiers" and their funny ways. For, need it be said, that the Bureau has a perfectly legitimate mission, and never more so than at the present time when "tabs" (as the Americans say) have to be kept on practically everybody in Europe, more particularly, of course, upon cunning Germany and rampant Italy?

One sympathizes with these officers in not being able to pursue a clean military job without being drawn into dirty affairs created by politicians and high functionaries who *require* that they be shielded. One sympathizes with them again that they should be indirectly coupled with the criminal scum, the volume of it that is known to be on the lower rung of the French spying ladder. I do not refer here to your average international dévoyé who, intelligent, manages to secure a matriculation number, but to downright ticket-of-leave customers held to their work by threats.

Unfortunately, in the public estimate, all are "spies," even the very numerous expert ex-officers who of recent years have been drawn into the higher reaches of the Service des Renseignements and who are now applying themselves with such ardour to the secrets of adjacent lands, and also to that so-important matter, the fixing of reliable agents within the confines of countries which one day may be locked against you in war.

Is the French S.S. good? To that, I must ask: has it changed since war-time? For then it used to trip over too detailed dossiers and also it had too great a fleet of agents et trop de femmes. Probably both faults endure but with a greater expertism on top, born of unexampled experience in free play over most of Europe for many years, commissions of control, and so on. A point in the Service's favour is that, whereas Italians are frequently tried in camera in France, no Frenchman has yet fallen to Italy, and only three officers (quickly released) to Germany.

In the modern history of Intelligence there certainly has never been occasion for any nation to practise the art so intensely in all its manifestations as with France to-day. Her experts and her dévoyés, and their lesser kin, are out on the road lest a mechanical or chemical march be stolen here or there, especially across Alps or Rhine. And, conversely, she has so much to protect from alien eyes. The nervousness in regard to possible spying upon her by others doubtless springs in a measure from the fact that France (!) is thus so deep in the game herself.

As I conclude I visualize—Plans. Like Joffre's famous Plan XVII—that kind of thing. Only now these plans no longer refer to national territory, rather do they range o'er frontiers. Sometimes I reflect how Foch had arranged to dine on Christmas Day of 1918 in Munich, thus severing the Germanic power. To-day it would be the Italo-German power that swift arrival in Munich would sever. And I wonder: what number may Weygand have given to such a plan? And I go on thinking out all the degrees of Deuxième Bureau work that must now be necessary to sustain it. *That* is the real goods, not having to pass upon faked documents contrived to get rotters out of scrapes.

Mais que voulez-vous?—to use the national expression.

A "SPHERE" WORLD SURVEY

OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSE OF CHINA: Miss Fui, the sister of "Mr. Pu Yi," President-Governor of Manchukuo, has just married. She is spending her honeymoon, naturally enough, in Japan

CELEBRATING "ST. JOSEPH'S KNIGHTS": General von Seeckt (left) talking to one of the St. Joseph's Order officers of the Bavarian Army during the celebrations a few days ago

FASCISMO IN EXELSIS: Giovani Fasciste (Young Fascists) with their *trifoni* (triumphs) defiling in a Roman street during the tenth anniversary celebrations of the March on Rome. During the celebrations Il Duce addressed 20,000 in pouring rain

A TRIUNE CELEBRATION inaugurated the new belfry at Lille. The bands of the Grenadiers, the Garde Republicaine, and the Guides des Belges were all present

MONSEIGNEUR FLYNN, the first bishop of foreign descent—his father and mother were Irish and he was born in France—to be set on a French Episcopal throne, is seen with Cardinal Verdier at prayer in Notre Dame, Paris, during the singing of the Litany at his consecration

On right the young son of a Mangbetu Chief is seen undergoing the Congolese version of the now obsolete Chinese foot-binding, head-binding. The skull is tightly lashed with fibre cords which force the head into ultra dolichocephalic form. Children undergoing this ordeal will draw back at an attempt to touch their heads and, on rare occasions, cry—an unusual sound in the Congo. Such practice should be extirpated, as suttee and other barbarous survivals

CREATING THE ARISTOCRATIC POINTED HEAD: A picture from the Belgian Congo

THE ASSOUAN DAM was originally completed in 1902, the maximum height for the base being 130 ft. In the half-decade between 1907 and 1912, a further 23 ft. was added, and the present contract with Messrs. Topham, Jones, and Railton, Ltd., is adding yet another 30 ft. to the total, which now aggregates 183 ft. in height. This aerial view shows the stupendous enterprise spanning the river

WORK IN PROGRESS: A panoramic view showing but half the total length of the Assouan Dam. On extreme left the work of heightening the dam is shown in the foreground. When this picture was taken the buttresses were under construction. The platforms on the face of the dam carry the masons "dressing" the face

THE NEW LAYER: An overhead view of the new structure towering above the original work

THE SOUTH FACE demonstrating the fashion in which the necessary addition of a layer 30 ft. in height is being imposed upon the original structure

THE DROWNED CITY OF PHILÆ: Despite the protests of antiquarians, Philæ has been doomed, the needs of the living rightly outweighing the glories of the dead

THE TEMPLE OF PHILÆ which, even at flood time is, as yet, not totally submerged. The eroded high-water mark is plainly discernible. When the dam is finally heightened this relic of Egyptian glory will be covered with the grey-green waters of Egypt's river

RAISING the DAM of ASSOUAN

The great Assouan Dam, constructed thirty years ago in the face of opposition from archæologists, has defied supersitition. The work of heightening the structure is once more in full swing, despite the scruples of the natives who believed that the suicide of Sir John Norton-Griffith in the summer of 1930 had laid a curse on the dam.

For some months after his death operations were suspended. Superstition declared that the river gods had wreaked vengeance on the man responsible for disturbing their Nile, by driving him to his death.

To understand their outlook we must recognize the phenomenon of a mind impervious to change. We, in the vortex of changing invention and brilliant ideas, find it hard to believe that within the field of science are those who still approve and practise a method of Herodotus' days. According to the old historian the Egyptian peasant baled up water by means of the *shadoof* as long as 4,000 years ago. Imagine an ancient spinning-wheel doing the work of a modern factory loom! Yet the *shadoof* and the *sakia* have survived the passing of centuries without change.

With the first, a crude affair of bamboo and bucket, the native still swings water from the river into channels of irrigation on his land, and with the second contrives to pump it up with the help of a blindfolded ox plodding weary circles round a creaking wheel. Thus the river gods have age on their side.

In 1893, when the original project for building the dam was submitted to the Egyptian Government, the scientists lodged their protest. How about Philæ, the island of beautiful temples, they asked? Was this treasure-house of history to be sunk beneath the Nile?

Their argument in defence of research and excavation influenced the authorities to a modification in the plans. They agreed to a reduction of 27 ft. in the suggested depth of the reservoir. Before starting work on the dam engineers investigated the ruins of Philæ and decided that, with a certain amount of underpinning, the walls of the temples would stand the immense pressure of water without crumbling. Since a light railway might cause damage to the walls of the old Coptic dwellings which covered the island, the clearing of rubbish from the ruins had to be performed manually by Nubians, who carried away the debris in baskets. At the same time the dam was started.

The year following its completion in 1902 saw a gradual sinking of the temples and dwellings of Philæ beneath the waters of the Nile. After 2,000 years of faithfully recording the river's rise and fall on an outer temple wall, the old Nilometer subsided beneath a flood beyond its gauge. Only the kiosk and higher temples remained above water.

Now even they must go, for the archæologists' struggle for 27 ft. was in vain. A layer of 23 ft. was added to the barrier in 1912, and now in 1932 its new growth by another 29 ft. will mean a complete immersion of Philæ at high Nile and a flooding of native villages along the banks for many miles south.

Science and superstition may demur, but surely they have forgotten a time, fifteen years before this chaining of the Nile, when a low flood laid 900,000 acres of land barren, causing famine and destruction in Egypt and a loss to the land revenue of over £1,000,000.

The dam must grow. Philæ's lovers and the river gods cannot be placated at the expense of human life.

M. D. L.

ANCIENT ATHENS

Early Greek Work Acquired by America

One of the most remarkable acquisitions of sculpture announced in recent years by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is the standing marble figure of the so-called Apollo type, 600 B.C., of Greek workmanship, and which is now on exhibition for the first time here.

"It represents a slim, long-haired youth standing on a frontal pose," says Giela M. A. Richter, Curator of Classical Art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "with arms hanging down along the sides, and left leg a little advanced in the manner characteristic of the early standing figures of Greece.

"And it belongs to the earliest period of these figures, of which very few examples are known. Its only important contemporaries are in Athens, the famous colossal 'Apollos' from Sounion — one example restored — the other a mere torso, and the Dipylon statue, of which only the head and one hand have survived. Our statue, on the other hand, is practically complete, for only a few small pieces are missing. It is, therefore, the most representative example extant of the earliest 'Apollo' figures of Greece.

"That is, it stands at the beginning of the long line of development which about a century-and-a-half later culminated in the Apollo of Olympia and the Polykleitan Doryphorous.

"Naturally," says Miss Richter, "we look with interest at a contemporary of Solon, of Thales, and of Sappho, which shows us an early stage in the development of Greek sculpture."

Miss Richter also draws a connecting link between this period of Greek art and the art of to-day. For she points out that in this statue, carved about 2,500 years ago, the sculptor faced the same problems which agitate the modern movements. Here are ornamental and expressive patterns superimposed on cubistic forms. It is her opinion that the ideals of the cubist school and of Matisse and his followers are effectively combined.

The advent of this early Greek statue of a possible Apollo has created widespread interest in art circles of New York.

C. H. D.

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A correspondent at the same time sends us a new set of photographs of some of the outstanding exhibits in the National Museum of Athens. They are very beautifully taken and from them we reproduce three. The first is an archaic head which still preserves the polished patina on the face. The second shows a striking helmeted head of Artemis with a rougher surface.

Aphæa was a nymph, whose origins can be traced back to Crete where she figures under the name of Britomartis; she had to do with fishermen and sailors. She is subsequently found identified with Artemis and was worshipped as Aphæa in the island of Ægina.

By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

OF THE APOLLO TYPE: A detail of the 600 B.C. statue that is the latest and a unique acquisition by the U.S.A. It is ascribed to primitive Athens and stands to the Apollo of Olympia as Cimabue to Leonardo

A MONA LISA OF ANCIENT GREECE: An archaic head, now enshrined in the National Museum of Athens. The highly conventionalized treatment of the hair betrays the primitive, but the smoothness and character in the face show the promise of later Hellenic art

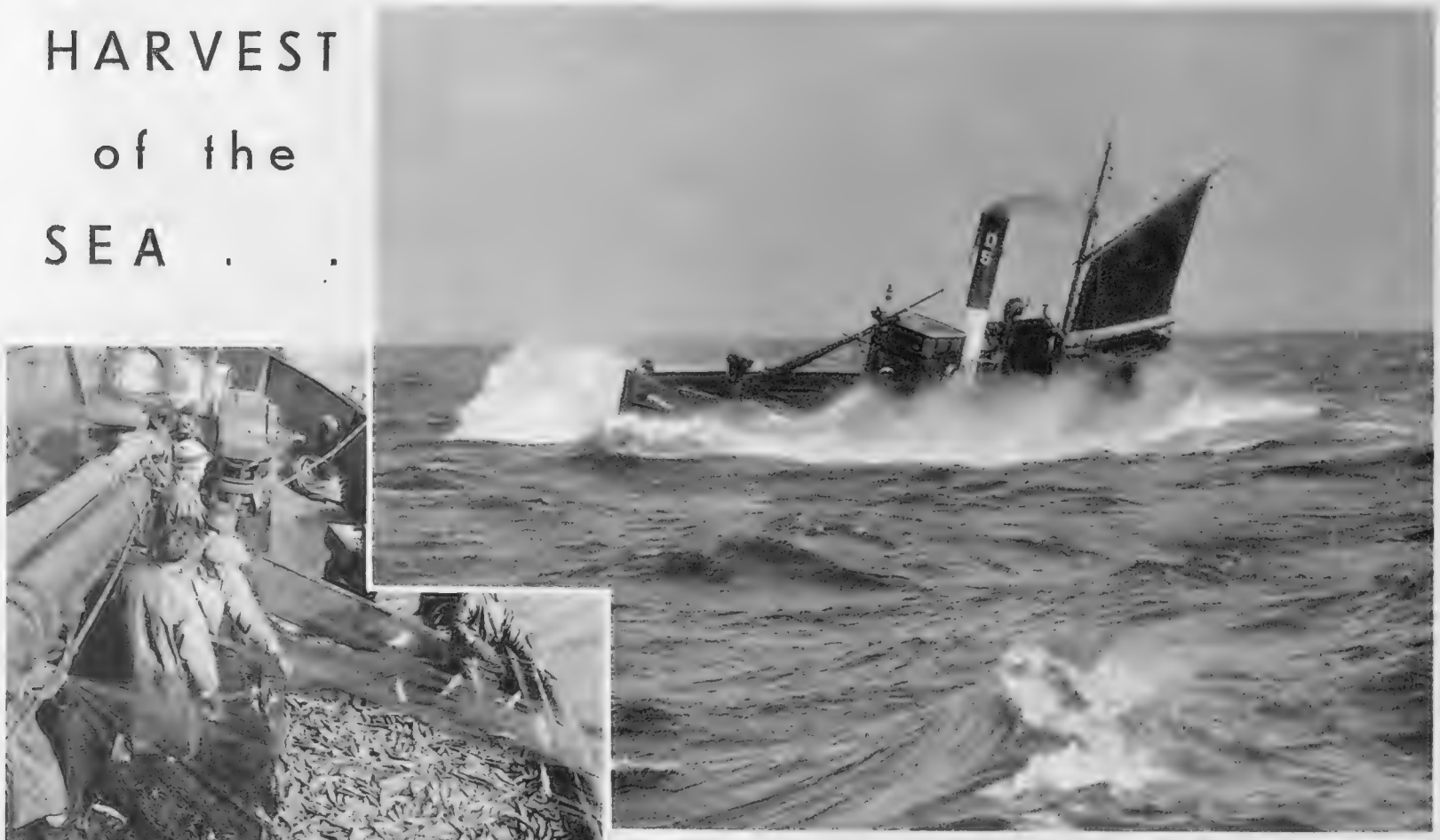
FROM THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS IN ÆGINA: A warrior's head in sandstone from the Aphæan Temple—Artemis (Diana) was worshipped as Aphæa in the Ægean Island—dating from the fifth century B.C., and now in the National Museum

PROFILE: A side view of the head of the statue of Apollo type recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The anatomy is not true to life and modern critics perceive in the composition the geometric style derived from the Orient which is enjoying a Renaissance to-day, and it has been suggested that the unknown sculptor of this Greek primitive was actuated by the same inspiration as Matisse

THE DYING RUNNER: An Attic grave decoration in marble found in the Temple of Theseus, Athens. This, dating from the end of the sixth century B.C., presents the markedly Oriental influence which characterized all the embryonic arts of Greece. The conventionalized curls recall Mesopotamian treatment from the days of Ur to those of Persia, while the attitude is vaguely Egyptian

OCTOBER'S HARVEST of the SEA . .

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE: The Scottish fisher lassies who have migrated from Buckie to Great Yarmouth for the herring harvest, belie the unfounded reputation of their race and share with characteristic generosity their biscuits with the lucky crew of the *Cornstalk*

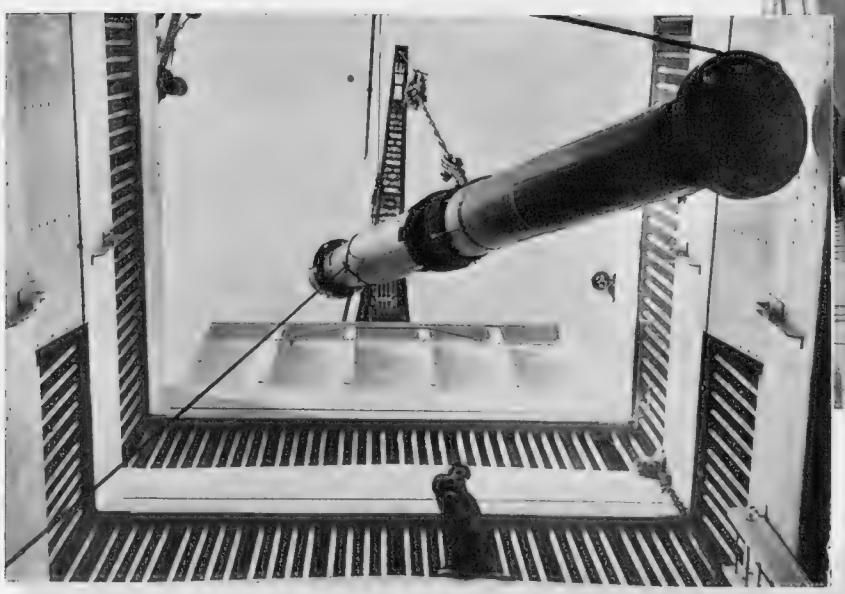


WHEN THE FISH COST DEAR: A Scottish drifter from Peterhead encounters rough weather. The vessel from which this picture was taken returned after one trip to Great Yarmouth with 100 cran of herring aboard, a few of which are seen on left. The operation of hauling in the nets takes no fewer than seven hours

Hopes for this season were running high last week, in spite of the fact that a reduced number of fishing girls will be employed this season on the East Anglian coast owing to a decision of the Herring Curers' Association. It is interesting to read in the reports of the "best shots" of individual drifters during the opening days: *Violet and Rose*, 40 crans; *Rose and Gladys*, 44 crans: *Queen of the Fleet*, 80 crans: *Young Sam*, 35 crans; *Craighaugh*, 60 crans

MECHANICAL

WINDING THE STATOR of the biggest electrical motor ever built in Britain. It is under construction at the British Thomson-Houston Company's works at Rugby and is 26 ft. in diameter with a shaft over 6 ft. in circumference. It has been ordered by the Tata Iron and Steel Company of India



BEFORE WINDING: The stator of the electrical motor described above on left. *Inset on left* is an unusual study of the tail shaft of the liner, *Strathaird*, being removed from the engine-room. Its 80 tons of bulk are being handled by the London mammoth crane at Tilbury Docks

A NEW TYPE OF ENGINE THAT WILL HALVE COSTS: Entirely different from the modern conception of a railway engine, this new 40-ton Armstrong-Whitworth Diesel-electric locomotive will enable railways and British industrial undertakings approximately to halve the cost of their internal, transport, and shunting systems. Although equipped with only a 250 b.h.p. engine, tests have proved that it can carry out all the duties previously performed by steam locomotives capable of developing at least 400 h.p., at a fuel cost of only 7½d. to 8d. per hour. *Above* is seen the new Armstrong-Whitworth Diesel-electric locomotive (*on right*) contrasted with the more familiar steam locomotive

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IMPROVING THE MIND: The members of the Hoxton Manor Club in the library. Several are reading the club magazine, *The Manor Way*, produced by the boys themselves

SAVING THE

A Tour of the Boys'

By CHARLES

A few days ago the Deputy Chairman of London Quarter Sessions told me that on the last calendar no fewer than fifty out of the seventy defendants were under twenty-one. Most of them were guilty of assault, robbery, and other acts of violent crime. That is a very serious situation to face. Many of these lads had never been employed in their lives. Their parents, too, had been (very) casual labourers or entirely on the dole for some years. Since they had left school at the age of thirteen-and-a-half, they had nothing to take up their time, no one to help fashion their lives, and consequently every reason to indulge in a life of excitement which is very liable to lead to crime.

Banditry is now very much on the increase, as American films and the possibilities of a get-away afforded by cars with good acceleration have ensured. It is all very well to send a boy to an industrial school and later on to Borstal, but he is liable to fall literally among thieves there. A governor of a Borstal school tells me that, whereas 80 per cent. of the boys never get into trouble again, the remaining 20 per cent. do so once or twice, and of that 20 per cent. 5 per cent. are real young scoundrels who become our most dangerous criminals.

I forget how many of the ringleaders in the Dartmoor outbreak were ex-Borstal boys, but the percentage was a high one. It is not to be suggested for one minute that the 12,000 boys who belong to the 140 Federated Boys' Clubs in London were potential criminals. But the fact that they belong to these clubs ensures their being kept off the streets, to put the benefits of this admirable organization at its lowest possible value. Actually very much more is done for them. The street corner bully is being rapidly eliminated and good sportsmen are made out of all of them.

The movement was started in 1877. The clubs are in all parts of London and not merely in the East End. The men in control are professional and business men—schoolmasters, solicitors, clergymen, bankers, stockbrokers—who give up several evenings a week to their hobby, with a resident manager in charge. Generally speaking, the boys can become members between the ages of fourteen to eighteen. After that, until they are twenty-two, they can be members of the Old Boys' Club, and after twenty-two they can belong in some instances to a Veterans' Club. Each club has its own premises.

The general object of the clubs is to give to working boys some measure of the real benefits enjoyed by other boys who have gone to public schools, particularly the development of a healthy body. They are encouraged to improve their physique and sportsmanship by learning every kind of game and sport such as football, cricket, boxing, hockey, as well as chess, draughts, first aid, gymnastics, and physical training. The wise men at the back of the scheme realize that the greatest kindness you can do a growing boy is to make him take a lot of healthy exercise, and to make certain of this by inducing the competitive spirit.

The larger clubs are divided into houses, either two or four according to their size, and the boy on arrival is urged to take up some sport or sports so that he can represent his house against the others, and later to represent his club against others, and then, particularly in the case of boxers, to take part in the Amateur Championships. Harry Mizler, who represented us at the Olympic Games this year, was still a member of Oxford and St. George's when he was an amateur boxing champion. Poor Kid Pattenden learnt his early boxing and discipline at Webbe's—another leading boys' club.

It is obviously impossible to conform really closely to the public school system in the East End. But the real keystone of the public school—by which I mean the monitorial system—has been adopted. They are not called monitors, or even prefects. They are committee-men, but the idea is the same. They are elected by the other boys instead of the manager, it is true. But they are given responsibilities and are made to realize that in this hard world the pleasant things of life do not fall into one's mouth of their own accord. They are made to learn in the most practical way that a good deal of spade work is necessary before a Christmas party or a summer camp can be successful. They learn it simply enough by being on the committee, which in turn delegates its authority to sub-committees. One boy may be responsible for law, order, and enthusiasm in swimming, physical training, and cricket; another will be in charge of cricket, billiards, and first-aid. And so it goes. As the result of a tour of several clubs I made in Bethnal Green, Hoxton, and other of the poorer quarters, I found that each club and each manager had a different theory about handling the boys; but Harrow is not like Rugby, nor would a Wykehamist agree that his school resembled Eton, except in the barest way. Yet the public school system embraces them all, just as it does in its modified form at these boys' clubs.

The first I visited was the Hoxton Manor Club. This is one of the most prosperous of them all, and the standard of cleanliness, good manners, discipline, and enthusiasm for games is extremely high. Just as I entered at 8.30 p.m. the doors opened and about fifty boys in clean white knickers and variously coloured jerseys poured out on the weekly run to a point three-quarters of a mile away and back. They ranged from fourteen to seventeen, and were members of the Running Society. It was noticeable that they were all extremely well made, with nicely scrubbed faces and clear eyes. Most of them, to look at, would have passed as members of Lower School at Eton. And don't let this sound snobbish or patronizing. I mean it. They were fine lads, whose physique was excellent—an amazing contrast to what they might otherwise have been if left to themselves with nothing but an overcrowded home, or the billiards parlours, or public-houses, or the streets in which to kill time until they went to bed. Inside the club is a long room with billiards tables and ping-pong tables, a gymnasium, a library, a buffet, changing rooms, and everything else you could wish for. Upstairs is the Old Boys' Club premises, with more billiards tables, and so on.

There is an unwritten rule that boys should not smoke, and, as the buffet is teetotal, there is no question of their drinking. "Gaffer" Betts, as the manager is called, took me into his study and told me how the club is run. After explaining about the committee-men and their sub-committees of tennis, rifle shooting, concert parties, dramatics, gymnasium, football, and the rest, he said that new boys had to be on probation for a month. If a new boy only came in once a week during that period, and did not take part in any games except, perhaps, billiards, he was not elected.

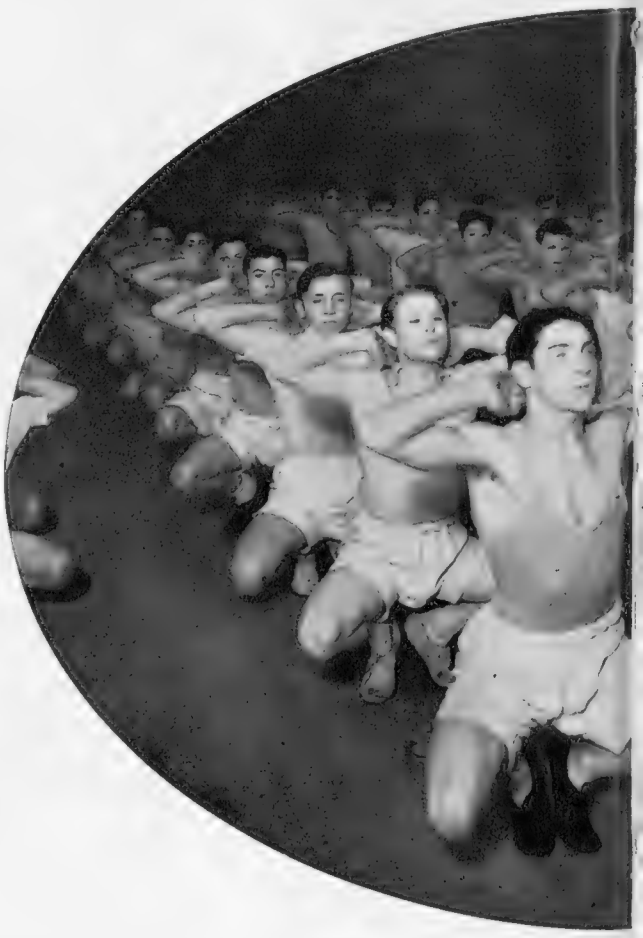
"We limit our members to a hundred and fifty," said Mr. Betts, "because we want to do our best for them. The boy's object must be to get definitely and enthusiastically better at something, whether it is chess or boxing or anything else. There is no educational uplift. But a boy is not allowed to come here just as a pastime or to keep out of the rain. He has got to improve himself. If he does not, he leaves. I have only once expelled a member, and yet one boy who was on the mat recently said feelingly, 'You have got to be a dashed good fellow to last here four years.' He knew how easy it is by gentle or forcible hints to let a boy realize he is not wanted, and that he had better keep away.

"Incidentally, it is extraordinary how the standard of living has changed here in Hoxton in the last twenty years. Before the War many of the children had not enough to eat. Few had seats to their trousers. Several had no boots. To-day, Hoxton is very respectable. The boys' parents are variable. Some entirely ignore the club, but have no objection to their sons being members as long as they are out of the house. Others are vaguely pleased that their sons are being kept off the streets. The enthusiastic ones are rather a nuisance. They write so many letters and want to see over the club premises so often. The club is actually open all day, but it is only used from 7.30 to 10.30 p.m.

"I am glad to say that at the moment every one of my boys is in employment, which is pretty good considering the times we live in. I do not encourage them to use the club during the day unless they are having their half-day off. If they tell me they are out of work I send them off to look for it. We have been lucky enough to find jobs for at least 50 per cent. of them, and the remainder probably owe their employment to what they have learnt in the way of discipline and cleanliness here. Some of the parents have good jobs as skilled artisans like watchmakers' foremen or porters at the Stock Exchange. A few are the sons of small shopkeepers and clerks. But though the majority are the sons of casual labourers, there is no snobbism and no class distinction."

Mr. Betts lit his pipe and went on: "I often wonder what the object of the club is. I suppose really that the club tries to be responsible for the welfare of the members. The average boy, after a year, must be in a decent state of health. Then we try to see that they have decent jobs coming along, with technical schools in the evening as they grow older. If there was a motto it would be 'Play hard and work hard.' We do not encourage them just to spend the evening here. We encourage them to do things here, and to do them consistently better. The best thing is for them to learn a game and get good and keen about it. It is extraordinary how high a standard they attain with good coaching even after a hard day's manual work.

"Personally I like to catch them young, and wherever possible to get them apprenticed. Not many trades still have apprenticeships, which is a great pity. If a boy is apprenticed you know he will not be sacked, and that at the end of it technical school training should make him first class at his job, and he may be earning £6 a week or more.



IMPROVING THE BODY: The gym class at the Cam

YOUNG IDEA

Clubs of London

GRAVES

AT THE WEBBE CLUB: An earnest game of chess in progress in the games and reading room. The standard of mentality in such clubs as this has improved out of all recognition

We have a working agreement with several firms (they are mostly upholstery makers, french polishers, printers, and cabinet makers round here), and when the boys have started work I ask them how they like the foreman and what their prospects are. Parents are only too pleased to have work found for their boys, and I have an entirely free hand. Sometimes I used to feel worried and would wonder whether I was not fashioning some particular boy's career all wrong. But I soon realized that if I started to do that I would never be able to do anything for them. By the way," Mr. Betts concluded proudly, "we have eighteen cups here won in competitions against other clubs at anything from draughts to boxing, and an Old Boys' team has just beaten Tufnell Park in the Spartan League. Why, we may even win the cup and get into the first division."

From Hoxton Manor we sped down a number of ill-lit streets to the Cambridge and Bethnal Green Jewish Boys' Club. It was painted a bright red inside—" but nothing socialistic or communistic, you understand," Mr. Stuart Essinger, the manager, hastily informed me. As we entered, the eye and ear were dazed by the number of boys hurrying to and fro. Some were carrying ping-pong bats; others were at the buffet; others were going to play billiards. Upstairs the boxing class was in full swing; and do not ever fool yourself into thinking that the Jews are not a fighting race. For five minutes, until the whistle blew, boys of any age from thirteen to eighteen were pounding each other with great enthusiasm. It is true that one rather slick youth with a gold signet ring was flashing out left hooks and covering up from an imaginary opponent. But the others were slogging each other quite hard. At one moment a child of thirteen connected with his opponent's chin rather too severely I thought, and it looked as though there would be either tears or a dog fight. Not a bit of it; the kid flushed but laughed, and went on until the whistle blew. The coach meantime had been darting in and out of at least twenty couples, telling them to straighten their lefts, tuck in their chins, or concentrate more on foot work. Then there was two minutes' rest, and they were all at it again. All were in boxing kit, and it did one good to see them, ten minutes later, pounding the bag or skipping relentlessly.

In another room a first-aid class was being taught quietly all about street accidents and blood poisoning. In another a drawing class was hard at work. For at this club there is a certain element of education, with debates on current events and readings of dramatic literature. There is even a religious service on Friday evenings, though this is in no way compulsory. "After all," said Mr. Essinger, "I don't want to introduce anything into this club that I would not like in my own, and think how unpopular compulsory prayers would be in Pall Mall or St. James's!"

This club is distinctly cramped for space compared with Hoxton Manor, and many of its rules are different. Probationary members are allowed to come up only once a week for the first month, and then if ultimately elected have to answer a series of questions rather like a "Newbugs' exam." at Charterhouse or Winchester. They are chiefly in connection with the club's motto, a Latin one to the effect that you must keep fit, cultivate your mind, and think of your soul. The latter stipulation sounded a trifle highbrow to me, but the manager pointed out that religion is not stressed in any way, and that "Animam cura" (the Latin original) could be translated and made to apply to every emergency or situation. He also told me that his club was second in the Desborough Cup.

bridge and Bethnal Green Club—a Jewish institution

The next port of call was the Crown Club, a small but very efficient little place. Unfortunately I had chosen the one night in the week when it is closed to the boys, and a girls' club reigns temporarily in its stead. Going over the premises one was struck by the cleanliness of the shower baths and the changing rooms and the long room where there are carpentry classes held. From here I made my way to the Webbe Club. This is one of the oldest, dating back to 1888. It is housed in a tall narrow building which must have been a factory or warehouse once upon a time. Its walls have been painted dark blue, and thereby hangs a tale. As in all these clubs—and it is the greatest possible testimonial to them—the severest punishment that can be meted out is suspension from the club for a period not exceeding three months. The painting of the interior of the Webbe Club was done by four boys who were at first suspended three months and then had the sentence altered to a month and the compulsory painting of these walls. One of the most interesting objects in the club which I was privileged to see was the Offenders' Book. At the Webbe Club it is a great honour to be a committee-man and his responsibilities are greater than at the others. It is his business not only to serve on the various committees. He must also, with his colleagues, see that there is no rowdyism in the club. If there is, he must stop it, take the name of the boy, write it down in the Black Book, and then sit in judgment with the other committee-men. None of the offences I read was vicious, and the punishments ranged from a fortnight's suspension to two days a week compulsory training in the gymnasium. Here are a few of the entries written in by the various committee-men:

For throwing down a ping-pong bat after time had been called—two nights a week training for a month.

For using the library when told to keep out . . .

For gambling with dice . . .

For pulling down a club notice and generally mucking about . . .

For refusing to put cloth on billiards table . . .

For going behind the bar and taking a penny from the drawer when told not to . . .

For throwing tea about and making floor dangerous . . .

For spitting on boys coming upstairs . . .

When you consider the neighbourhood, you must agree that these are not very heinous offences, and nearly all of them were committed by boys in their first few weeks—before they had taken their tone and, incidentally, cleanliness from the others. It was noticeable, admittedly, that the boys kept their caps on all the time, unlike Hoxton Manor, and that they called the manager "Jack" instead of "sir." Perhaps the latter can be construed as showing more affection, of course. But I preferred the "sir."

At Webbe's they have two houses, Balliol and Merton, whose members are kept in a suitable state of rivalry at every game and from every angle. Boys get points for attendances, for committee-men's "duties" such as collecting the billiards money or handing out the training kit, and for games.

Last week Balliol led Merton by two. Points were scored for boxing, running, gymnasium, swimming, and house matches. None was scored for chapel, dramatics, or library. The manager told me that each boy must have a medical examination every three months. He showed me five boys taking sun-ray treatment after training, which is available three nights a week, and a queue of others waiting their turn. I was given a copy of the magazine which the club prints every week. I learnt of the cycling club, the week-end camps, the summer camp, the art class, and the club bank where boys can put their savings. There are cups for chess, boxing, running, and billiards, as well as club colours. "We get many of the boys employment in tailors' shops and upholstery firms round here," he went on. "We try to make the boys realize that they must keep up the tone of the club both inside and outside. The average cost of the club is £900 a year. The subscription, paid in weekly twopences and threepences, is £50 a year. The bar and the billiards bring us about £40 a year in coppers, and there is in consequence an annual loss of £800. If a boy gets a month behind with his subscription, he is not allowed into the club until he has paid, though there is no charge for boys who are out of work through no fault of their own. The object of subscriptions, small as they are, is to let the boys realize that you can never get something for nothing in this life, and to prevent any question of pauperizing. By the way, we have the best football team of all the clubs."

Finally, I visited the Eton Manor Club. This is lucky enough to be run by Mr. Arthur Villiers and Mr. Evelyn Baring, with Mr. David Shaw Kennedy, the owner of the Cesarewitch winner, and Mr. Eddie Cadogan to assist. It is the handsomest and most sought-after club out of the whole Federation. Its chief enemy at games is the Fairbairn Club, of which Temme, who swam the Channel, is an old boy. Several of the boys have become policemen, and there is a very large number of veteran members—the best testimonial to the work that the club is doing. The number of actual boy members is 350, which contrasts with the twenty clubs which have only fifteen members, the smallest number you can have to be affiliated to the Federation, the headquarters of which are in Blackfriars Road.

New clubs are now coming along at the rate of one a month. In 1914 there were only forty. Subscriptions do not amount annually to more than £800 or so each year, which is a pity when you consider that "the boy is the keystone in the arch of the nation's destiny." The Federation works in with kindred organizations like the Scouts and the Boys' Brigade, and in no way runs counter to them. The Federation is both non-political and undenominational. Its chief object is to keep as many boys fit as possible; to keep them out of mischief, and to enable sport to develop their character and fitness. Lord Desborough, the greatest sportsman of all, is the president, and he will be the first to agree that the way in which a boy utilizes his few short hours of leisure between work and sleep will largely determine the manner of man he will become—slacker, good citizen, or bandit.

IN UNKNOWN JEHOL:

THE ROCK-HEWN ROAD OF THE EMPERORS: The road from Peking to Jehol, built by the Manchu Emperors, passes over rugged country. Most of the way it is cut in the solid rock. The grades on this road are almost prohibitive for motors

BUDDHIST SAINTS IN CLOSE FORMATION: Ma
ruin. When the roof of one collapsed, the cla
look as if they were moving out for a stroll in

A LIQUID FLOWER-BED: When the lotus is in flower, the ponds in the old Imperial Park are a solid mass of rippling colour. Time and disuse cannot spoil the huge park surrounding the palace which, even to-day, is far and away the most delightful spot in the whole of North China

A REPLICA OF LHASSA: A view of the Potala
residence

A correspondent has just sent the accompanying pictures of Jehol, a district hitherto scarcely known to the Western World, together with the following notes:

Since the Japanese have assumed military control over Manchuria and installed Prince Pu-Yi as President of the newly established Manchukuo Republic, the joint Japanese and Manchukuo forces are extending their sphere of influence in every direction. The attention of the Chinese Press is at the present time concentrated on the province of Jehol, which is apparently the next goal of the Japanese.

Jehol Province is an important wedge between the Hopei Province (formerly called Chihli) and Manchuria proper. In days gone by Jehol city was the

A Storm-Point of the Far East

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF FAITH: The Potala in the background with another Lama monastery in the foreground. The Potala Monastery is a replica of the residence of the Dalai Lama at Lhassa

any of the shrines in the old Imperial Park have fallen into
y statues of the saints were placed in the courtyard. They
the pleasaunce seen in all its beauty in the middle distance

a Monastery, Jehol, named after and cast in the form of the
of the Dalai Lama

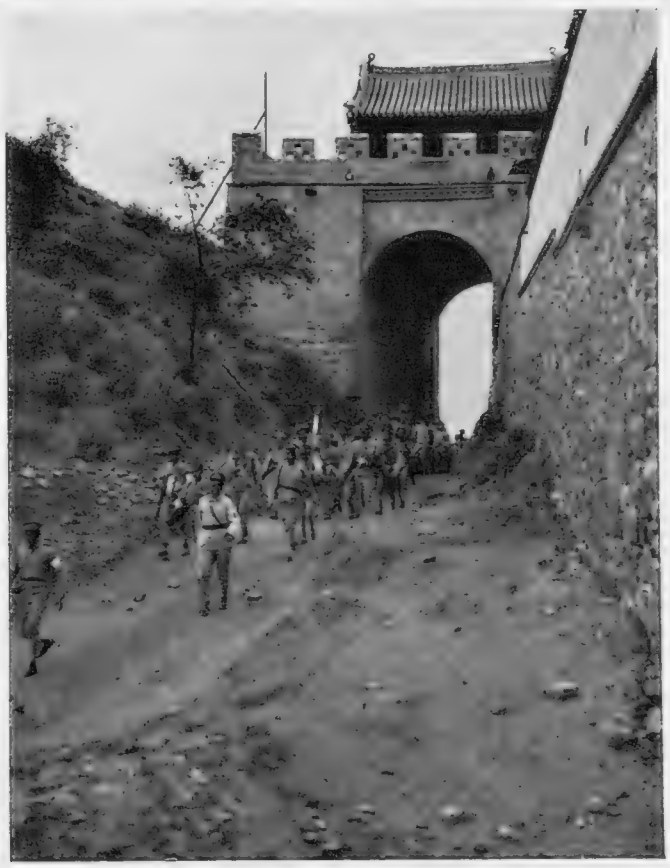
summer residence of the Emperors of the Manchu dynasty.

To-day the immense forest, the former hunting reserve, has disappeared, and most of the old buildings at Jehol are falling into ruins. Time and disuse cannot spoil, however, the huge park which surrounds the palace.

For a score of years or more Jehol has been governed by General T'ang Yu-ling, who received his appointment from the late Marshal Chang Tso-ling. General T'ang has done much for the development of agriculture, opium growing and mining, and his province is prosperous and rich.

Few foreigners go to Jehol. It is off the beaten track and difficult to reach. The paved road over which the Emperors used to travel still exists, but it is in such bad condition and the country through which one must pass is so rugged that not many people undertake the trip.

A FIRST-CLASS PAGODA of nine storeys in the park of the Imperial Palace of Jehol



A GATE OF THE GREAT WALL AT KU PEI KOU, on the main Peking-Jehol road with Chinese soldiers marching through it. The Great Wall runs along the southern frontier of Jehol

ANTELOPE AND ROEBUCK graze freely in the park and often cool themselves in the streams. Lord Macartney was received here by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung in 1795, the first British Mission to China

GILBERT & SULLIVAN Operas

"WHO AM I? DAFT MADGE!" Miss Marjorie Eyre as Mad Margaret in Act I, the scene of which is set in the fishing village of Rederring, Cornwall

"RUDDIGORE" or The Witch's Curse

"DUTY, DUTY MUST BE DONE": Mr. Charles Goulding as Richard Dauntless and Mr. Sydney Granville as Sir Despard Murgatroyd in Act I

"IOLANTHE" or the Peer and the Peri

"BUT MERCY HOLDS SWAY WITHIN OUR HEARTS —RISE—THOU ART PARDONED!" Miss Dorothy Gill as the Fairy Queen and Miss Marjorie Eyre in the title role in Act I

"A SHEPHERD LAD IS NO FIT HELPMATE FOR A WARD IN CHANCERY": Mr. Leslie Rands as Strephon, the disconsolate shepherd

THE EDITOR OF "THE SPHERE" has pleasure in announcing that he has as now being presented at the Savoy Theatre. The Souvenir will contain a number

at the SAVOY Theatre

"WHITHER AWAY, DEAR ROSE?" Miss Muriel Dickson enters on her errand of charity from her cottage door, and is greeted by Hannah, played by Miss Dorothy Gill

"LET THE TEARS FALL FREE": Mr. Darrell Fancourt as Sir Roderick Murgatroyd the Ghost, and Miss Dorothy Gill as Hannah in the duet in Act II

"RUDDIGORE" or The Witch's Curse

"NONE SHALL PART US FROM EACH OTHER": Miss Rowena Ronald as Phyllis before her duet in Act I with Strephon (Mr. Leslie Rands)

"PERHAPS YOU'RE THE TWO NOBLEMEN I'M ENGAGED TO?" Phyllis (Miss Rowena Ronald) looks from Lord Mountararat (Mr. Darrell Fancourt) to Lord Tolloller (Mr John Dean) in Act II

"IOLANTHE" or the Peer and the Peri

In preparation a special souvenir illustrating all the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas of special pictures taken on the stage by kind permission of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte

PLAYS

The Renaissance of the Theatre: Filmland's Efficient Publicity: Shakespeare and Ballet: *Alison's House* and the P.N.T.

By PHILIP PAGE

Sasha

"SERVICE": Miss Daphne Lewis and Miss Peggy Simpson take their lunch hour in the churchyard near the shop in the new play by C. L. Anthony (Miss Dodie Smith), the author of *Autumn Crocus*, at Wyndham's

Bursts of prosperity in the theatre are obstinately frequent. They have a way of coming just in time to upset the prognostications of those who consider that the doom of the theatre began the day the first film was shown.

Such folk, being for the most part openly pro-film and professionally concerned in film activities, are naturally cheerful about the situation. Some of them say the theatre as we know it will disappear altogether and that flesh and blood players, as watched by the public while at their job, will become as the dodo. Others allow that the theatre may be preserved by a tiny crowd of intellectuals, rather as a curiosity, but believe, none the less, that it will have ceased to have any wider significance than the Italian marionettes.

The encouraging support given recently they would probably attribute to the Motor Show, the "little season," the passing of summer-time, or to any cause other than the real one—a crop of exceptionally good entertainments.

Yet, if this autumn's new plays had been exceptionally bad, the theatre would survive. It will even survive when a mixture of talkies and television and Heaven knows what else in the way of terrifying scientific development enables us to switch on drama at our own fireside with less trouble than it takes to shovel on coals. Only then there will be no fireside and no coals. But there will assuredly be actors and actresses.

The position has been defended so often that much of the ground is stale. The only pro-theatre argument that to-day has lost weight is the minor one that musical-comedy and revue will always be supported because youth calls unto youth, even if it is a male in the stalls calling to, and even on, a female in the chorus.

That line does not convince us in these times, for the young man with a bouquet in his hand, hope in his soul, and a tip for the stage-door keeper disappeared with hansom cabs. The stage-doors of 1932 are thronged by women, not men, and they take their entertainment on the pavement—gratis. But hero-worship, heroine-worship, silly sex hysteria, or the pathetic desire to be on the fringe of something alleged to be Bohemian or exciting—call it what you will—all these play their part. Stage-door crowds may be whiffle-headed, but they are devoted to the human element in the theatre. The very fact that when film-stars of eminence take a holiday from Hollywood they are mobbed and their hotels picketed by devout disciples (although not to the extent of a few years ago) is an indication that mankind cannot live by shadows alone. It certainly does not mean that films are first and the "legitimate" theatre nowhere. And when I see a film advertised as being in its "second smashing month," or something of the sort, I think of the plays which still manage to achieve a second smashing year without getting all excited about it.

The launching of *Movie Crazy* at the Carlton showed, however, that the cinema can teach the theatre a good deal in the way of publicity and staff work generally. There is no reason, of course, why it should not be a coincidence that Mr. Harold Lloyd's first visit to Europe and the production of this film, which without him would be unimaginable, should have occurred at the same time.

Mr. Lloyd at the same supper-table struck me as being an unassuming, intelligent, and quietly genial American of the best type. In the film he is none of these things, for he plays the part of a sentimental and acrobatic imbecile, and his public would be furious if he ever did anything else.

The screen, by the way, seems to be succeeding with the material which to the theatre has almost invariably spelled failure — i.e. its own "shop." The theatre public dislike being taken behind the scenes and being invited to watch plays about the doings of actors and actresses in their professional capacity. The cinema public (for I still maintain that there is a dividing line) rises to a yarn about Hollywood like a hungry trout to the right sort of fly. It was not only the blonde allurement of the beauteous Miss Constance Bennett that made *What Price Hollywood?* a success. Even Mr. Lloyd in *Movie Crazy*, which I consider lacks originality but not effectiveness, is helped by the fact that it deals with the efforts of a rather silly young man to become a film star, without the pathos of the stage's *Merton of the Movies*.

Of course the hero has to fall in love, to fail in his film test, to be broadly comic by means of methods which must surely demand that late and joyous supper parties should be rare events in the private life of Mr. Lloyd, and to bask in a happy ending.

This comedian's chief asset has been his complete freedom from anything questionable or offensive. The Harold Lloyd comedies are the film counterparts of the naval and military operations at the Shaftesbury Theatre in the matter of clean healthy fun.

Talking of the Navy in fiction, *The Flag Lieutenant* has served its authors faithfully and well.

Mr Cyril Maude enjoyed such a success with it nearly a quarter of a century ago at the Playhouse that it must have gone a long way to console him for the fact that Charing Cross Station suddenly chose to fall on that beautiful little theatre just when Mr. Maude was about to enter into possession of it.

The play then became another winner in the blessed days of silent films.

The talkie version, which I have just seen and enjoyed, should give it a lease of life likely to last until someone invents a fresh medium for the presentation of this familiar yarn. Mr. Henry Edwards plays the naval officer whose sense of humour brings him through a packet of complications. Mr. Louis Goodrich and Mr. Peter Gawthorne also do good work in the production, which is so efficient technically that the British and Dominion Company deserve congratulations on helping to remove some of the stigma which still attaches to home-grown films.

I see no reason why Miss Anna Neagle should not achieve the world-fame and even the salary of Hollywood's most seductive sirens. Opportunities in *The Flag Lieutenant* for the fairly gentle sex are not great. But Miss Neagle, who is blonde and a real beauty, makes such clever use of them that one feels proud that she is English. I beg her pardon—Scottish. For, when I played lawn-tennis with her not so very many summers ago, she was Miss Marjorie Robertson and one of Mr. Cochran's young ladies.

The Old Vic, having opened its autumn season with Shaw, soon reverted to Shakespeare and produced *Cymbeline*.

Now if *Cæsar and Cleobatra* is second-rate Shaw, *Cymbeline* is third-rate Shakespeare. There should be no mystery as to the rarity of the play's appearances in the West End; even the idealistic and indefatigable folk who dictate culture in the Waterloo Road have left it alone for fourteen years. I find it strange, however, that that really fine play, *Measure for Measure*, is even more neglected.

Only when *Cymbeline* is superlatively acted and immaculately produced is it possible to take it seriously; and even then that is not easy. For here Shakespeare, for all the tantalizing flashes of genius which stamp the play as the work of the master, seems to have broken in Olympian fashion almost every rule that reason demands and elementary technique dictates. The melodrama verges on the comic. Then, when the puerility of it (take the episode of Cloten's head as an example) becomes exasperating, the great man leads us into passages worthy of *Othello* at its most sublime.

And what *are* we to make of that battle? Mr. Harcourt Williams made a ballet of it. With this turn of his production I did not agree; yet, faced with a well-nigh impossible task, he showed us so much that was ingenious.

The acting was uneven, with, however, the balance on the right side. Miss Peggy Ashcroft, who as Cleopatra (the Shaw one) seemed to me to be not much more than a conventional "fuzzy-wuzzy," was a tender and lovely Imogen. This was an exquisite piece of work, notable alike for its emotional depths and for its restraint. Not a wrong note anywhere.

Mr. Malcolm Keen's Iachimo had its subtle points, but was a trifle too finnicking. This fine actor is, however, a valuable asset to the present season at the Old Vic. Mr. Roger Livesey and Mr. Geoffrey Wincott were not among those members of the cast (and there were rather too many of them) who seemed afraid to speak up.

Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who is officially concerned with the musical activities of the Old Vic. and Sadler's Wells, is known better as a conductor than as a composer. But his ballet, *Douanes*, produced at the Wells while the Old Vic was wrestling with *Cymbeline*, shows Mr. Toye as a musician full of ideas and possessed of the technical equipment to carry them out.

I do not know why a British ballet, danced by British dancers at a British theatre, written by a British composer, with costumes designed by a British artist, should be called *Douanes*, when there is a perfectly good equivalent in English. Perhaps the word is chosen because the Customs officers in question are at a French port. Just as much fun, I think, could have been extracted from arguments at Folkestone or Dover.

There is no plot as such in *Douanes*. We merely see a picture of travellers and their trunks and their little deceptions and the tourist official who tries to shepherd them. The costumes of the 'eighties add, for some strange reason, to the interest, just as all of us who saw them enjoyed the eighteen-sixtyish English family in Rossini's "Boutique Fantasque."

In Mr. Toye's music there is a sense of the stage and it is not overladen with unnecessary tricks. There is the right flavour about it and it is often appropriately witty. Yet it is as essentially unaffected as the composer's conducting. There is an interesting and rather elaborate overture.

Miss Ninette de Valois (English and not French) and Mr. Anton Dolin (Irish and not Russian) dance in *Douanes* superbly. The choreography is ingenious and they make the most of it; so, too, did Mr. Toye make the most of the orchestra, which I thought vastly improved, though it has still some way to go.

Miss Nancy Price is a clever and even powerful actress in the parts that suit her. And to further the cause of the "People's National Theatre" she is working like a Trojan, even like one of the "Trojan Women" of Euripides (a forthcoming production), and sometimes as formidably.

For to the many-headed, to which the very title of this enterprise should surely apply, such a play as *Alison's House*, by Susan Glaspell, is indeed formidable. It is not a bad play. For a multitude of reasons it could justly be called a very good play. But it (and possibly Miss Price, too) is merciless in the refusal to allow to the supporters of the "People's National Theatre" the smallest concession to popular or national taste.

This grim and sombre piece, written by a real American author round a fictitious, though not wholly fictitious, American author, has much in it of beauty and truth. Beauty and truth should appeal in

(Continued on p. 202)

Pollard Crowther

THE HAPPY ENDING: Mr. Jack Hawkins, Mr. Leslie Banks, Miss Ann Todd, and Mr. Tracy Holmes in the *finale* of *Service* at Wyndham's

FAIRY from *The Three Wishes* by Potti

DIDO from the opera *Dido and Æneas* by the English master musician, Purcell

THE ART of the LITTLE THEATRE

AFTER MOZART: Bastien and Bastienne, two of Harro Siegel's manikins

Below — ÆNEAS from the Purcell opera

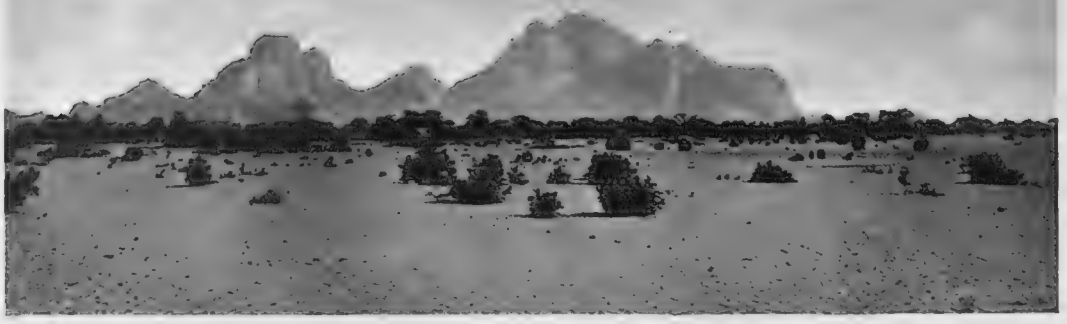
HORSEMAN from the BALKANS

The Work of Harro Siegel

The marionettes on this page are products of the art of Harro Siegel of Berlin. They have already been seen twice in England — in 1928 and last year — and have taken part in the tours of the German Singers and the English Dancers and Players, a group of students who travel about presenting classical music, old folk dances, and marionette shows. Herr Siegel hopes to bring his theatre to Britain in the near future

SOUTH by EAST

Perpetual Summer in the Sudan



SEEN FROM THE DESERT: Gebel-Kassala in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

Dark days at home send the traveller's thoughts skirmishing in the lands of the twelve-months' summer. These are not always accessible to tourists. British Sudan is, however, easily reached and, moreover, combines with facilities for seeing Nature in her rawer aspects, the accommodation of Western civilization in its resting places with all the comforts experienced in Europe. Though few of the many who proceed to winter in Egypt follow on much farther than the grand monuments of the Nile Valley, those who have the time and inclination to push their inquisitiveness into the Sudan are well repaid by the welcome of Khartum and Omdurman, both still great cities of the tribesmen but with a new nucleus, the very modern and attractive enclaves of British rule.

The traveller to the Sudan goes preferably via Cairo, and to get to Cairo there are many ways available by land, water, and air. So a descriptive start for the upper valley of the Nile might be from this somewhat dingy, half-Oriental city.

The subdued roar has hardly died out as the too-ornate Egyptian State express clatters over the multiple switch-points outside the stuccoed railway station when, gathering way, the train crosses the seven-span Nile bridge at Embaba, gliding like a jewelled snake through the velvet gloom of the myriad-scented Eastern night. Dawn, hushed and mysterious, breaks over the desert as the string of white coaches comes to a standstill next morning at the mighty Barrage across the Nile at Naga Hamadi where, over the water, is borne faintly on the still air the rhythmic clank-clank-clank of the machinery in the French sugar refinery.

RAMESES AND HIS CONSORT—the statues in the little temple at Abu-Simbel

We were at breakfast in the restaurant car as the Colossi of Memnon and the towering cliffs which guard the age-old secrets of the Valley of the Kings swung into view. At Aswan, 500 miles from Cairo, the great Nile Dam drew all attention. Ten minutes after leaving Aswan we detrained at the Shellal terminus of the Egyptian State Railways, quite close to where the tops of the columns of the submerged Temple of Philæ broke surface of the sun-kissed waters of the reservoir.

On the Sudan Government stern-wheel steamer *Britain* we continued the journey up-river from the First to the Second Cataracts. As the steamer came up to the Temple of Kalabsha the flaming desert sunset snapped abruptly into darkness. Dawn found the *Britain* afloat on a majestic sweep of river, with neatly-cultivated shores fringed with doum palms and sunt-wood groves. Beyond, on either side, rose the sandstone outcrops, schists, and hornblende granite rocks of the grim Nubian desert.

It was in the glare and heat of high noon, with a temperature under the ship's double awning of 115 degrees, that the steamer passed the majestic cavern Temple of Abu-Simbel, with its titanic multiple statues of Rameses II, and after another night of oppressive heat, which electric fans and ice seemed only to accentuate, we approached the Second Cataract at Wadi Halfa on the third day.

From Wadi Halfa to Khartum the train journey short-circuits four Nile cataracts and takes twenty-six hours. At first the railway line runs across that part of the Nubian desert where there are situated the most ancient gold mines in the world, some dating back for 6,000 years. Khartum means "the trunk of an elephant." Mahommed Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, founded it in 1830, at the place where the two Niles meet, but it was Kitchener of Khartum who laid out the city on its present magnificent scale. The splendid buildings are widely spaced in noble boulevards and in the great square stands the bronze statue of Gordon, so that the tragedy of January, 1885, shall not be forgotten by future generations with other far-off things and battles long ago.

The Omdurman of the Mahdi and the Khalifa, city of horrible cruelties and nameless orgies, of tortuous alleyways foul with the smell of ages, has vanished. Electric trams and automobiles run across sites where the senile houses once leaned all awry and history was written in blood and agony. The Mahdi's residence is now a museum, and his ruined tomb, destroyed by Kitchener, is guarded by locked gates.

South of Khartum, on the level plain between the junction of the White and Blue Niles, lies the great Gezira area, irrigated perennially by the waters held up by Makwar Dam and stored in the Sennar Reservoir. The area ultimately to be cultivated under the Gezira Scheme is no less than 3,000,000 acres, of which some 300,000 are already down to cotton.

One comes into this land to administer, to look round, or for sport. There are excursions to be made into the desert and hills, a visit to Suakim, the quaint markets to investigate, and there is a little Government stern-wheeler which leaves the quay at Khartum for a leisurely 1,100 miles voyage up the White Nile to the Uganda frontier. Some three hours from Khartum is Gebel Aulia, site of the White Nile Dam. From this point all cultivation on the river banks ceased and basking crocodiles became increasingly familiar sights. As we steamed farther south we were surprised to find that the temperature fell progressively, so that life in the ship became exceedingly pleasant.

Some 500 miles up-river from Khartum is Marchand's Fort at Fashoda or Kodok, over the building of which Britain and France nearly came into conflict.

By the Imperial air route from Cairo to the Cape, Khartum is two days' easy flight from the Egyptian capital. But for the traveller there can be no comparison in interest between the monotonous air route and the enchanting river voyage.

THE KHALIFA'S PALACE AT OMDURMAN: The house contains several courts, all of which communicate with the private apartments. The Khalifa added a second storey with windows on all four sides, but he allowed no other two-storeyed buildings to be built. The house was furnished with brass and iron bedsteads, with mosquito curtains, carpets, silk cushions, and door panels of precious wood

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE SUGARLOAF sable in the golden sunset—a picture taken during an excursion into the Bay of Guanabara

THE LOVELIEST BAY IN THE WORLD (with due apologies to Sydney and San Francisco) is said to be that of Rio de Janeiro, whose mountains appear above

WITH RIO DE JANEIRO IN THE BACKGROUND: A portion of Guanabara Bay whose halcyon waters reflect the silhouetted and distant hills

MOONSCAPE: The exquisite capital of Brazil seen by night—one of the loveliest vistas in all Latin-America

NEW PICTURES of RIO

D. TODD'S SECTION BEGINS

From Swan and Edgar come three chic models characteristic of new tendencies

Mrs. T. R. Vreeland in a Maria Guy hat

WOMEN I admire . . .

By Derek Patmore

DURING the last thirty years we have grown accustomed to the spectacular achievements of women in the various walks of public life. Women Cabinet Ministers, women who fly continents, women police; they all impress us, but how many of them do we admire as women? Very few, I am afraid.

One of the most remarkable women I have ever met and had the privilege to know is Frau Vicki Baum, for she is that rare exception—a world-famous woman writer who is also a fascinating and lovely woman of the world. Vicki Baum is Viennese, and she has all the characteristic gaiety, beauty, and charm of her country-women. In fact, it is hard to realize that she is the mother of two large growing boys when you look at her with her fair golden hair and laughing grey-blue eyes. Vicki Baum is so intensely alive. She is so interested in the world around her, and she has a passionate love and sympathy for humanity. Moreover, she possesses an uncanny insight into character. No wonder *Grand Hotel* is sweeping the world as a film and novel, and that her latest novel, *Helene*, is winning the plaudits of all the critics.

"I only work for my boys," she told me when I saw her in London this summer, "and I want to make enough money so that I can take my sons away from Germany and have them with me in America. Germany, these days, is no place for young people," she added, a trifle sadly.

"I would like my children to be educated in America," she continued, "as I intend to live there myself. And, nowadays, German boys only think of politics, and are all growing up to be either Hitlerites or Communists. Such a tendency can only lead to civil war."

"Well, let's talk of pleasanter things," I said. "Tell me about your old home and about your books."

Vicki Baum paused and smiled a little wistfully. "Ah, Vienna. How it has changed since the War! I don't think I would like to live there any more—it is too sad; but in the countryside round Vienna—that is different.

"You know I have a childish dream. I have always wanted to buy back the old castle that belonged to my grandfather. It is in a part of the country called 'The Quarter of the Woods.' Perhaps one day I shall be able to have it. I would like to live on the land."

"I think a writer needs city life, too," I commented.

"Yes, I think you're right," she replied. "Most of my books were written in big cities. I like crowds. I like watching them and I find them a great stimulus for my work. I wrote *Grand Hotel* in a three-roomed flat in Berlin. I took six months to write that book and then, when it was finished, I went and worked in the Hotel Bristol to see whether I had caught the hotel atmosphere correctly. Yes, I worked as a maid. It was most interesting."

"And how do you write your books?" I asked.

"Always at night. I find I think better then. I never write during the daytime. Even in Hollywood I worked at night."

"Do you like Hollywood?" I asked.

"Very much. I like Americans. You know, I like American men—they are so boyish, but then that is the best part of men," she laughed. "American men are so unspoilt," she continued.

"Meaning, I suppose," I laughed, "that Englishmen are the reverse?"

Frau Baum looked thoughtful for a moment and then said: "I think Englishwomen spoil their men. But, you see, I have been in England so little. It is difficult for me to talk about Englishmen. I hardly know any."

Then we talked about the sensational film based on her novel, *Grand Hotel*. She found it extraordinarily interesting. "But, you know," she told me, "like everyone else, I have never met Greta Garbo. She will have no one on the set when she is playing—not even the poor author!"

. . . .

This present generation is singularly lacking in outstanding beauties. The modern girl is too uniform in type. However, Mrs. Ronald Balfour is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. It is almost as if the mantle of her lovely relative, Lady Diana Cooper, had fallen on her young shoulders.

As Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, Mrs. Ronald Balfour was the sensation of a season or two ago. At every ball people asked "Who is that lovely girl?" and she was unanimously voted the prettiest débutante of her year. Tall and slim, with a lovely fair complexion, pale gold hair, and grey-blue eyes, she is indeed a ravishing type of English beauty.

Married about two years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour form a very attractive and talented couple, and they live in an enchanting house in Wellington Square, Chelsea. Mrs. Balfour is very proud of her home, for, as she told me, "my husband and I planned and decorated it together."

Deirdre Balfour, or "Didi," as she is called by her family, is not at all what one imagines the young Society girl to be. Although she has been universally admired, she is very simple and unaffected. Always immensely chic in her clothes, she also takes an enthusiastic interest in running her small house. One of her favourite hobbies is cooking. "I adore experimenting with new dishes," she told me once, "and I spend hours trying out new ways of cooking things in the kitchen." And as a friend of hers once said to me, "I think Deirdre would prefer a country picnic to a London party any day."

Yes, I admire Mrs. Ronald Balfour enormously. She has a distinction and repose rare in the modern Society girl.

Another woman I admire is Gladys Calthrop, or Mrs. G. E. Calthrop, as she always appears on the theatre programmes. Tall and dark, with a head so perfectly modelled that it might have been chiselled from an old intaglio, Mrs. Calthrop has a spectacular beauty rare amongst Englishwomen.

(*Continued on p. 202*)

MRS. RONALD BALFOUR

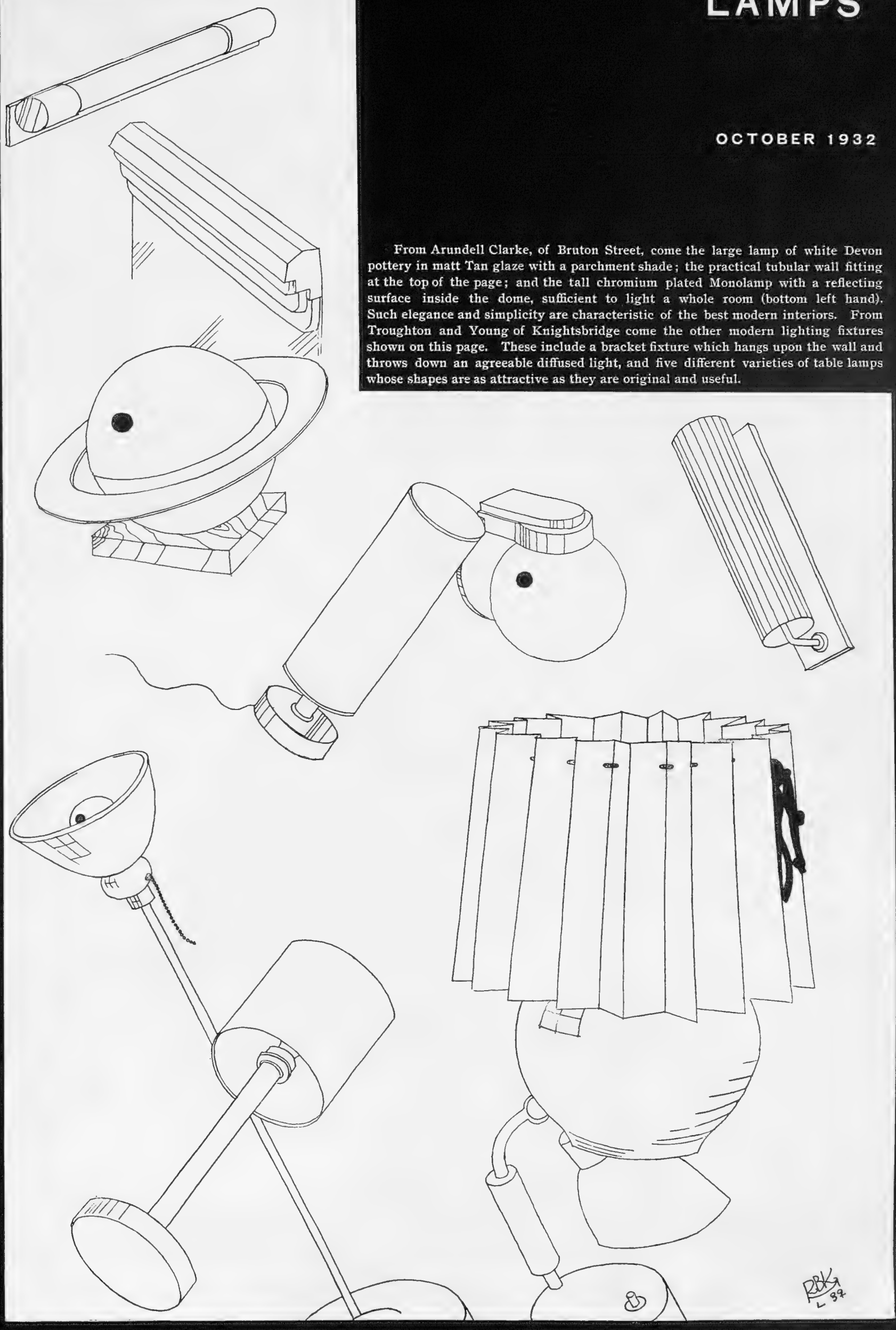
FRAU VICKI BAUM & D. PATMORE

MRS. G. E. CALTHROP

LAMPS

OCTOBER 1932

From Arundell Clarke, of Bruton Street, come the large lamp of white Devon pottery in matt Tan glaze with a parchment shade; the practical tubular wall fitting at the top of the page; and the tall chromium plated Monolamp with a reflecting surface inside the dome, sufficient to light a whole room (bottom left hand). Such elegance and simplicity are characteristic of the best modern interiors. From Troughton and Young of Knightsbridge come the other modern lighting fixtures shown on this page. These include a bracket fixture which hangs upon the wall and throws down an agreeable diffused light, and five different varieties of table lamps whose shapes are as attractive as they are original and useful.



LADIES INTO FOX

The fashionable fox follows the horses instead of being followed when he goes racing, and his social and sartorial importance is assured when worn by: Lady Churchill, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Edward Grosvenor and daughter, Lady Hambleden, Lady Rosebery, Lady Susan Egerton, Lady Galway, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Montgomery, Lady Linlithgow, Lady Angela Scott, and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore

RACING

ENTERTAINERS AND THE ENTERTAINED

Eric Gray

MISS RAQUELLE DORNE, the hostess at the Leicester Square Theatre, finds the grapes from her native land, Almeria, Spain, a popular feature among other members of the cast

SPATS ARE WORN, in defiance of modern fashion's decree, by Mr. Freddie Forbes, the droll host, at the Leicester Square Theatre

Sasha

A SPANISH CELEBRATION: Señor Bernardo Rolland (Chargé d'Affaires of Spain) with the Ministers of Colombia and Peru, and Señoras de Bethencourt and de Valdes at the Centro Español de Londres

MISS PEARL ARGYLE with Mr. Robert Donat in *That Night in London* —a London Film Production. Both actor and actress are discoveries of Mr. Alexander Korda

Sasha

AT THE ROMAN'S CLUB: Mr. Byam Shaw, Miss Betty McLean, Mr. Hopwood, and Mrs. Byam Shaw at the new venture of Romano's

THAT NIGHT IN LONDON is the new London Film Production. Mr. Eugene Leahy is seen above with Mr. Robert Donat

CORSETS A AND M! A Stuart effort in white leather and an Elizabeth concoction in iron on view at the Corset Show given by the Charnaux Company at Harrods of Knightsbridge

THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13 is an all star picture from America featuring two English players, Mr. Clive Brook and Miss Adrianne Allen

MR. CHARLES GRAPEWIN gives a remarkable character study in *The Night of June 13*, now running at the Plaza

BOOKS

MISS ROSE MACAULAY, the author of a superb Cavalier romance, *They Were Defeated*

MME. GEORGETTE LEBLANC, whose book, *Maeterlinck and I*, is reviewed below

The Noblest Roman : A Not so Noble Belgian : History, Biography, and Fiction

By CECIL ROBERTS

The career of Lord Oxford and Asquith is a singular example of the ingratitude shown by the public towards its politicians. It springs, I think, from the firm belief that the politicians help themselves to so much that they are in no need of gratitude. This attitude was quite justified in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The basis of many of the peerages created during that period was one of pilfering from public funds. The noble pilferers had often deserved well of their country; they created an empire, but they were careful to take a commission for doing so. Moreover, it was the mode, and when a statesman was impeached upon the charge of using the public money for his own ends, embezzlement, a word that was too frank for use, was not the real cause of the attack. Behind the indictment stood a political attack. How frank the politicians could be on this matter the papers of Talleyrand reveal. He was always to be bought, provided the sale was in keeping with his own political policy, and he would have maintained that, fundamentally, he was an honest and incorruptible fellow.

The twentieth century does not reward its statesmen with pilferings from the public purse. The standard of honesty is high and inexorable, but the suspicion and suppressed contempt still linger on in the public mind. When Asquith fell, his absolute honesty was regarded as stupidity. When he maintained silence about the cause of his fall, it was believed there were no extenuating circumstances. For the remaining years he was the man who would have lost us the War, and Lloyd George was the man who had won it. Now we know that, politically, we lost the War in any case, and that it was a war of such dimensions that no one could possibly win it.

Asquith maintained a dignified silence. He has been called the noblest Roman of us all. In this two-volume story of his life, *The Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, by J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith (Hutchinson. 36s.), we learn something about that silence. His reputation died of too much dignity. He was too proud to justify himself. He would not go into the sooty arena. "I never wrestle with a chimney-sweep," says a figure in Boswell's *Johnson* and, writes Mr. Asquith, "though my father minded far more than was imagined the misjudgment and disloyalty which he endured with so much outward composure, he would have minded still more the squalor of stooping to the level of some of his noisier critics and talking to them in the only language they could understand."

We have now most of the facts of the break with Lloyd George. Nobody cares much about the truth of that break. It was the end of Asquith. Mr. Lloyd George has been charged with villainy and treachery. However that may be, even from this book there emerges the incontestable fact that it was time for Asquith to go. He had not the tempo of events. He was tired, he was disillusioned. If a little of the dangerous energy of his wife could have been transferred to him it would have been better for the reputation of them both. He ended, in title and estimation, as what he had been all his life—a nobleman. "Only those in close contact could estimate the shyness, the sensitiveness, the delicacy, the emotional warmth and generosity of his temperament—qualities which found expression less in words than in countless unadvertised acts of kindness, sympathy, consideration, and forbearance."

Mr. Cyril Asquith gives us a glimpse of the early Asquith, Mr. Spender deals ably with the vast sweep of events. The former explains that puzzling unity of Asquith and Margot, the marriage of the hippopotamus and the hawk. A flame welded their divergent natures. The heat of it is astonishing in a man of his reserve. He came to her, a widower with a ready-made family; he ousted a rival. Friends, including Jowett, gave counsel against this strange union. After a quarter of a century of married life he wrote a letter of gold, revealing that the romantic adventure had not ended. "It is sad that we cannot spend your birthday together. You know that I wish for you every blessing that earth or heaven can give. I see no reason why we should not be happy. I am in my sixty-seventh year, and looking back (while I think worse of men's brains and of their hearts and characters than I once did) I have not many grievances against Fortune. Few have had a life more crowded with interests, both big and small; and none that I know has been so nearly blessed in his home. If we live to May 10th we shall celebrate our silver wedding-day, and I will lay any odds anyone likes that there is not on the face of the globe a couple—man and wife—who have made as much of twenty-five years in every possible way."

This tribute will live down all the Margot autobiographies, and in the face of it criticism must be dumb. On the political side here is the history of a great upheaval. We see democracy claiming divine rights, and to some of us it is the story of the beginning of the end. The old order of things went down before Asquith's steady siege. In less capable hands victory might have seen scenes more violent. He threatened to swamp the House of Lords. They wisely retreated. If they had not, there would have been at least two men of eminence in letters borne on the overwhelming flood of new nobility, for the provisional list included the names of Thomas Hardy and J. M. Barrie.

It is a pity this life could not have been told in one volume. It was Asquith's wish, but his biographers were faced by the fact that no adequate story could be contained within one volume. Their work is most admirably done.

I turned over the last page of *As We Are*, by E. F. Benson (Longmans. 15s.), with the same expression on my lips as when I had turned the last page of that delightful predecessor, *As We Were*. What an admirable writer Mr. Benson really is! You are aware on every page of the play of a mind richly stored, humorous, caustic, and flexible. *As We Are* might have as a sub-title *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*. The old régime is revealed to us in a visit to a parable house. It is fiction, and yet it is truth. Lord and Lady Buryan stand for all that went down before the new age. The rising generation is presented with the greatest goodwill. Mr. Benson, while loving her, even concedes that old Lady Buryan for all her real nobility was an awful snob. But the point he makes is that all security, whether of society, finance, or Empire, is gone. We are in the melting pot.

BOOKS TO READ

NORTHERN LIGHTS, by F. Spencer Chapman (Chatto and Windus. 18s.).

THE ART AND LIFE OF BYAM SHAW, by Rex Vicat Cole (Seeley Service. 21s.).

PEAKS, PASSES, AND GLACIERS, by Members of the Alpine Club (Methuen. 15s.).

GAY COURT LIFE (FRANCE XVII), by Lucienne Ercole (Hutchinson. 18s.).

MARY DALLON, by Herbert Asquith (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

SPLENDID SNARE, by Joan Kennedy (Long. 7s. 6d.).

SHE WAS SOPHIA, by Ruth Manning Sanders (Cobden Sanderson. 7s. 6d.).

TALES FROM THE OUTPOSTS—(I) FRONTIERS OF EMPIRE. First of a series of 12 vols. of Blackwood Stories. (3s. 6d. each.)

CONTRACT IN A NUTSHELL, by Rudolph de Cordova (Grayson and Grayson. 2s. 6d.).

A FAMILY GROUP AT GLEN, 1904: Herbert, Margot, Violet, Cyril, Elizabeth, and Arthur—one of the illustrations to the life of Lord Oxford and Asquith reviewed on this page

Novelists who marry exotic wives should be aware of the future when they seek to put them away. The ladies are liable to write autobiographies and show the clay feet of the god whose head is no longer turned. After fifteen years of unorthodox married life, Maeterlinck took to wife a young girl. I remember the shock he gave New York society when he arrived on a disastrous lecture tour accompanied, not by the famous Georgette Leblanc—who had shared his fame and publicity for fifteen years—but by a slim successor. The story of that succession is told here, and we see again how strange and unsatisfactory are the ways of genius. But the book, *Maeterlinck and I*, by Georgette Leblanc (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), makes one wonder how two such human beings could have travelled through fifteen years together.

"I welcomed with a kind of tenderness all these infantile manifestations of his nervous organism, but sometimes his syncopes terrified me," writes the lady after noting a record sulk of forty-eight hours by the author of *The Treasure of the Humble*. And the conjugal bed had elements of nightmare—"he would never sleep without several weapons by his bed, a revolver within reach of his hand, a Corsican knife, and a loaded shot-gun." Anyhow, there was variety to add to the spice of life and death. They lived in the immense Abbey of St. Mandrille. They could at least get away from each other, for "Maeterlinck would put on roller-skates and skate the length of the halls at top speed, his pipe in his mouth, a book under his arm, and his dog behind him. The noise reverberated through the high vaults, an appalling racket that resounded from one end of the monastery to the other."

There is an astonishing glimpse of the fortitude of the Divine Sarah. "Before she went on for the *Pelleas* death-scene, they took off the long cape that enveloped her and I saw a dozen or more hot-water bottles attached by safety-pins to her tights protecting her injured leg. They refilled the bottles with boiling water, gave her two hypodermics and a stimulant, then carried her on the stage." On the eve of departure for that American lecture, where the crowds demanded their money back because the poet was unintelligible, Georgette Leblanc received a telegram: "Do not come. Maeterlinck furious against you. He knows everything." What it was he knew the ex-wife never discovered, but the telegram had been despatched by her successor. After reading this book it seems that the blue bird of happiness is even more elusive in Maeterlinck's house than in his drama.

Here are two historical novels, both by skilled writers: *They Were Defeated*, by Rose Macaulay (Collins. 8s. 6d.); *Josephus*, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Secker. 7s. 6d.). Miss Macaulay has attempted something of a *tour de force*. She reconstructs the English scene preceding the Civil War. We meet Robert Herrick, go with him to Cambridge, encounter contemporary notabilities such as Cowley and Milton, and are made familiar with the contemporary idiom. It is all immensely clever, but it does not for a moment move one. There is

(Continued on p. 202)

HEAT & LIGHT

The burnished metal "venetian blind" design of electric heating harmonizes with the decorative scheme. (British Electrical Development Association)

Modern life may be psychologically complicated, but practically it has been simplified by inventions and their applications until, for those who know how to avail themselves of what are known as "labour-saving devices," there need be no domestic problems at all.

The greatest revolution of all has taken place in methods of heating and lighting, and yet these are the changes we seem to have accepted most nonchalantly. The difference that the coming and perfecting of gas and electricity have made in the lives of the average man and woman is incalculable.

To-day the industrial firms, recognizing the trend of modern house-planning and decoration, employ the best artists and architects to design gas and electric fires to conform to the most eclectic modern taste, and the "fire-place" is a cogent and complementary part of the scheme of decoration. A very perfect example is the set-in "Panella" gas fire, which is one of the many attractive designs emanating from that essentially progressive firm, the British Commercial Gas Association. The fire is set in bright, heat-resisting metal, and surrounded by that delightful neutral coloured stone known as "travertine" beloved of the modern architect; a flat border of ebonized wood leads to the simple planes of the light panelling. The mirror above is an important feature of the design.

Again, a room supremely modernist in feeling, with bookshelves decoratively let into panelled walls, in which steel furniture and a carpet of contemporary design find appropriate place, has a steel-backed gas fire on a marble foundation which is definitely a component part of the scheme of decoration.

Artists themselves are alive to æsthetic possibilities of modern heating and a satisfying example of the gas fire decoratively treated appears in the picture of a corner of a studio designed by R. W. Symons and Robert Lutyens. If electricity is preferred modern designers are no less ingenious and sympathetic to the modern ideal. The British Electrical Development Association have a multitude of suggestions to make. For a countrified drawing-room, floral and chintzes, an electric fire simulating the appearance of the "cosy" coal fire beloved of the English would be appropriate, while obviating all the labour, smoke, and dirt a real one would entail. A more up-to-date interpretation of the electric fire is the burnished metal "shutter" effect shown in the picture of a bedroom. Great advances have been made in the design of stoves for the heating of private houses, studios, and large buildings. The value of smokeless fuel stoves has long been appreciated by our warmth-loving neighbours on the Continent, but they have been brought to their final perfection in England. One of their many advantages is economy, a vital consideration to-day. There are many people who have had to reduce expenses and move, perhaps from luxuriously equipped centrally heated homes to smaller houses, and have neither the capital nor the staff necessary for the installation and maintenance of boilers and radiators, but who retain their standards of comfort. The installation of an "Esse" stove in the hall will keep the whole house at an even and comfortable temperature. Again, design is an important factor as will be seen from the accompanying photograph of the "Artesse" model, which blends well with a modern brick fireplace. Made of metal with an "Armesse" coating it has the appearance of pewter, is unaffected by the heat, and requires no black-leading or cleaning. These stoves burn steadily night and day, using a minimum of smokeless fuel, and needing very little attention, insure a constant and even temperature, and are the epitome of economy applied to the ideals of comfort universally obtaining to-day. Apart from all the other advantages, æsthetic and practical, of modern heating it is a tremendous scientific and hygienic advance on ancient methods. Its universal application will eliminate the smoke menace and remove from England the world-wide obloquy aroused by our famous fogs, which are the cause of so much depression and sickness.

Above — An "Esse" stove in the hall economically ensures an even and constant temperature throughout the house. (Smith and Wellstood)

Below — A modern and decorative version of the gas fire with definite claims to æsthetic consideration in a studio designed by R. W. Symons and Robert Lutyens. (British Commercial Gas Association)

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South Africa, situated wholly in the Temperate Zone south of Latitude 20° S., enjoys one of the finest climates in the world. Dry warmth and bracing sunshine are its essential characteristics.

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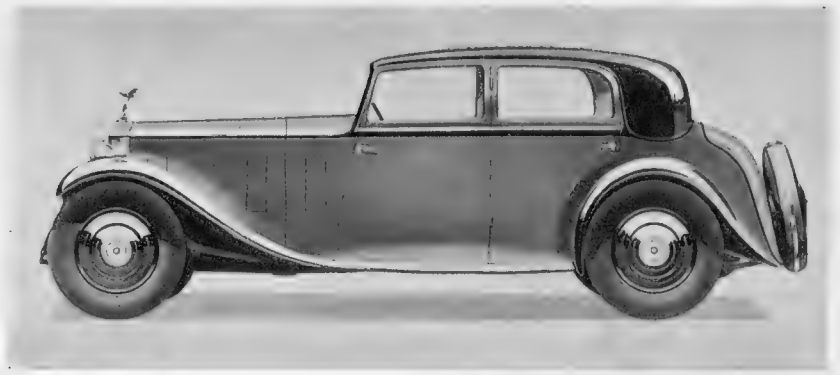
Winter excursions at considerably reduced fares have been organized by the leading Steamship Lines on this route, and the South African Government Railways will arrange inland tours, by rail or road, to suit the requirements of visitors. The combined tours provide a delightful holiday — a restful voyage, a complete change of environment and a remarkable variety of social and travel diversions.

Business men, in particular, seeking the healthy relaxation of an ocean cruise and a change of scene and activity, will find in these excursions a beneficial holiday of suitable duration and an opportunity for observing at first-hand the immense resources of the Dominion of South Africa.

A full descriptive programme entitled " Sun Health Tours—Series X " will be sent *gratis* on request to The Director of Publicity, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2, and the leading Travel Agencies.



LINES OF THE TIMES: A very smart sports saloon body by Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., on a 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce, seating five passengers with ample luggage space in the commodious trunk at the rear

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere": Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

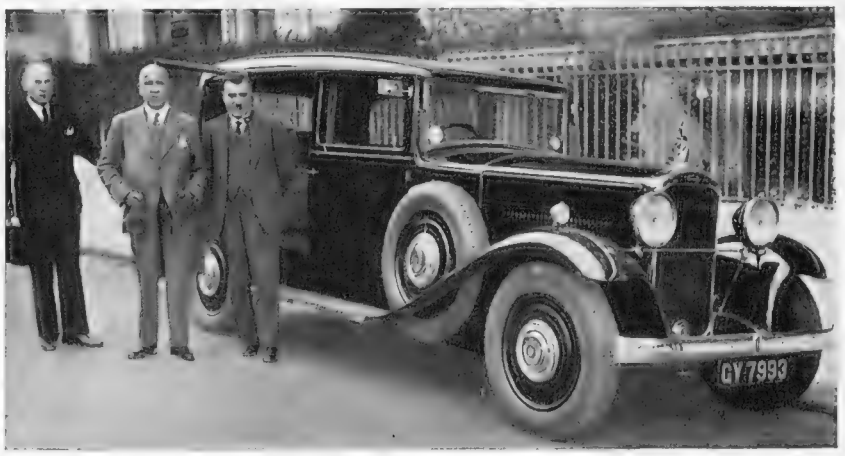
FESTIVITIES DURING THE SHOW.—During the period of the Show there is always a large number of trade and social banquets, though last year, when the great economic crisis overshadowed everything, these functions were not held. This year the usual number took place. Without exception the keynote of the speeches delivered at the dinners at which I was present was distinctly optimistic. The most important function was that held by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and at this dinner the Minister of Transport was the chief guest. I have heard Mr. Pybus speak on more than one occasion, but on this particular evening he was right out of tune with his audience. More than once he manœuvred himself into a very unpopular situation, and was none too clever in endeavouring to extricate himself. He told us that the Government would be only too pleased to consider any alteration in the incidence of the motor-tax if the trade would put forward a suggestion. As a matter of fact, this means very little, because it has never hurt anybody, let alone politicians, to consider anything.

These remarks by Mr. Pybus have been used as a text by speakers at nearly every other trade luncheon or dinner which was held during Show time. Sir Herbert Austin would like to see the tax levied on the capacity of the engine, and not on the bore of the cylinder as is the case at present. Mr. Bullock, the managing director of Singers, would prefer the Government to give up the idea of finding a new method of taxation and merely halve the amount now paid. I have always thought that the most serious disadvantage to the present method of taxation was that it cramped our style in producing a car suitable for overseas use where no such horse-power tax is in force. I cannot see how either of these suggestions is going to help the motor trade to compete on level terms with our American friends in the export market. The only possible and useful alternative to the present taxation by R.A.C. rating is one based on petrol consumption; but as the Government have seen fit to impose this tax, in addition to the other, it is questionable whether petrol could stand an additional amount per gallon as tax, even if the annual tax on cars is dropped.

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH.—I cannot understand why motor owners should pay such attention to the horse-power tax. Yet we all know friends who will buy a car bearing an £8 annual tax rather than one at the same cost price which carries a £10 tax. The whole thing is too absurd, but unfortunately it is true. Many people thus save £2 or £3 per annum, but very often buy a less reliable car and spend £10 or £12 more in replacements during the year. From my experience there is only one financial item that really counts in connection with a car, and that is depreciation. When it is remembered that some cars can depreciate up to 50 per cent. of their cost by just driving them down the street, whereas others only drop 30 or 40 per cent. after a whole year's wear, such matters of saving a few pounds on the annual tax or by buying an inferior grade of oil or petrol do not really count. I feel certain that if the manufacturers in this country were to spend a little money in propaganda in order to educate the motoring public in these matters, they would find that the horse-power tax would not be such a hindrance to them as it is to-day.

A GATHERING OF MOTOR MAGNATES.—I must refer once again to the Austin dinner which was presided over by Sir Herbert Austin. It proved an occasion which I think will become historic in the history of the motor trade. Sir Herbert issued invitations to the heads of all his competitors in the trade, and it was indeed a gratifying sight to see such well-known people as Sir William Morris, Colonel Cole, Sir William Letts, and Mr. R. W. Maudslay, all heads of rival concerns, sitting at the top table close to Sir Herbert, who was surrounded by about 800 of his distributors and agents.

In America this public and private fraternization of rivals in the motor trade has been a custom for a long time, but the Austin dinner this year was certainly the first occasion when anything of this nature has proved a success in this country. The experiment was so pleasant in its results that I am sure the idea will develop much to the benefit of the whole motor industry.



AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE: The Egyptian Minister, H.E. Ismail Sidkey Pasha (*centre*), and the Egyptian Ambassador to London with the Humber Pullman limousine which they used at the Conference

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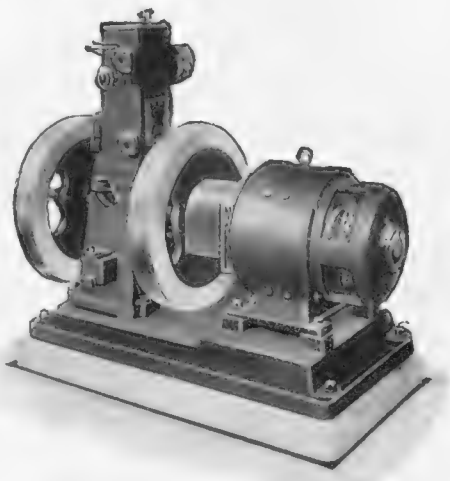

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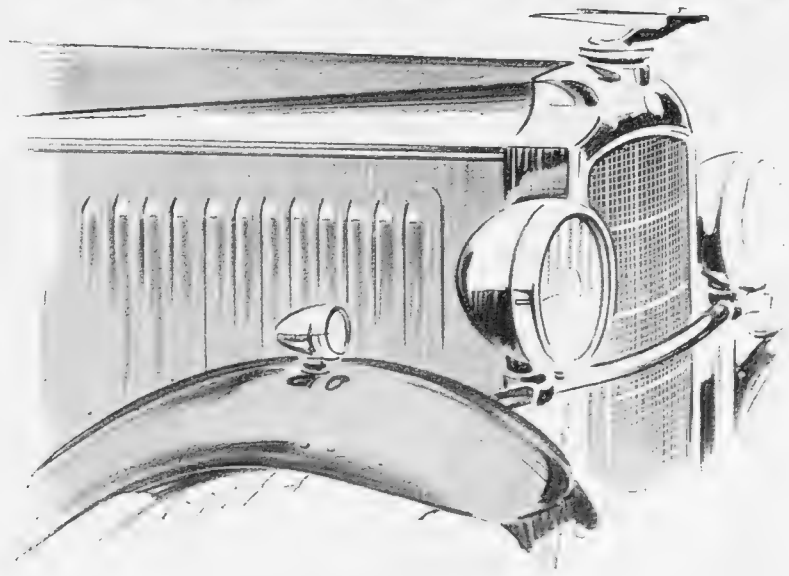

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PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

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VAUXHALL CADET

SYNCHRO MESH — FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

PLAYS (Continued from p. 190)

any circumstances. But in the Little Theatre, the resting place of Miss Price and the P. N. T. for this production, I could not feel that they were taking the chill off *Alison's House*.

I tried to enter fervidly into the gloom that was in that house in which Aunt Agatha (splendidly played by Miss Price) was such a severe figure. And only too successfully.

Most of the characters in the play were sad or sorry, because some of the poems of the deceased poetess, Miss Alison Stanhope, had just been discovered, revealing the fact that she had had a love affair. With the irreverent but silent query—why not, if it made her write better poetry? I decided to give up attempting to solve a problem which occupied a lot of depressing people for the greater part of three acts.

Miss Iris Baker made something human and interesting out of what might have been the part of a conventional young girl. Mr. John Laurie showed us a newspaper reporter as newspaper reporters really are. That is a rare happening in stage-land.

WOMEN I ADMIRE (Continued from p. 194)

A great friend of Noel Coward's, her rise in the theatrical world has coincided with the latter's sensational domination of the English theatre. Intensely chic, cultured, and strikingly elegant, Gladys Calthrop has a personality that is reflected in her stage décor. No one but Mrs. Calthrop could have designed the exquisitely simple sets for "Words and Music" with their dominant notes of black, white, and silver which are so modern and yet so *soigné* and elegant.

The dresses and scenery for *Cavalcade* and *Bitter Sweet* were other triumphs for this brilliant designer. But to me, Gladys Calthrop stands out as one of the loyal group of friends who encouraged and helped Noel Coward in his early struggling days. And I shall always remember how before the opening of Coward's first great success, *The Vortex*, Mrs. Calthrop went out to the little Everyman Theatre, and painted all the scenery herself because the company backing the play had so little money that they could not afford to employ the ordinary scene painters to do it.

Finally, I am never weary of admiring one of the great beauties of our time, Lady Lavery. How rare and infinite are her charms! In Hazel Lavery, I find that overwhelming combination—beauty allied with brains, humanity, and sympathy, and a delicate Irish wit that enchants one with its airy grace. How lucky we are to live in an age that possesses such beautiful and exciting personalities!

[The Editor of this Section does not necessarily endorse the views expressed in signed articles contained therein. Further articles embodying conflicting points of view and acquainting readers with divergent and even contradictory opinions will appear from time to time.]

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BOOKS (Continued from p. 198)

research here and an astonishing mastery of Caroline speech, but that very use of the idiom of the period makes the whole thing artificial. Miss Macaulay has had it in her blood to write this book. It commands respect, even though it arouses no enthusiasm.

With *Josephus* Herr Feuchtwanger will please his host of admirers. Here is a straightforward reconstruction of the times and story of the Jewish historian, Josephus. It tells us of the Jewish War in the first century, the destruction of the Temple, and the end of the nation of Judea. It is most vividly done, and the author has utilized one of the most striking phases of history.

Miss Margaret Kennedy has not yet given us an indifferent novel, and I am just as enthusiastic over the story-telling qualities of *A Long Time Ago* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) as I have been over its predecessors. She has elaborated an excellent idea in this book. A doctor disappears for a few days with a famous singer while his wife is expecting a child. It was a temporary lapse. Years later the singer publishes her memoirs. The family are greatly worried at the revelation and wish to keep the book away from the wife. But she finds it, reads a sentence or two, and puts it down. "A silly woman she was, and more than silly. Not a nice woman. A phrase caught her eye: 'My soul had become a battlefield.

I was torn between Byron, Jesus Christ, and Edward Carpenter' . . . a *very* silly woman." And the book went unread by the wife!

Mr. Thomas Moult in *Mary Webb; her Life and Work* (Cape. 5s.) has written a short but admirable and clear account of the novelist, her early life, the scenes of her labour, and a running commentary on her books. I am one of those who are unconvinced that Mary Webb created anything unusual. There was a landslide of publicity when a Prime Minister praised this eulogist of his native soil and astonishing merit was overnight discovered by the penny press.

Mr. Moult kills the legend of neglect and poverty, for Mary Webb received a sum of £500 in advance for one of her books—a reward that comes to few novelists. But all will find interest in this book, for it presents a lovable, wayward, and sensitive soul to whom death came too early.

The Master Light, by Gilbert Thomas (Allen and Unwin. 5s.), is a collection of letters to the author's young son. Mr. Thomas, a poet of fine calibre, studies the life and the future development of a small boy, and in these letters we are again aware of the delicate, sincere thought of a man of exceptional beauty of spirit and gift of expression. Happy David to have such a father, and to evoke essays of such grave charm on the spring of life!

Owing to a printer's error, the Harrap publication, "Great Travel Stories of All Nations," appeared in our issue of October 15 as "Great Travel Stories of *Old* Nations." "The Sphere" wishes to amend this erratum with its apologies.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Sailing Ship *Peking*, which is to replace the old *Arethusa* as a Training Ship, has arrived in the Thames. Probably the cost of purchase of the *Peking*, which will be named the *Arethusa*, together with alterations and new shore frontage, will amount to £30,000. Fifty-eight years ago Lady Burdett Coutts paid for the fitting out of the present *Arethusa*. It is hoped some generous person will do likewise for the new Ship. Of the probable total cost of £30,000, the alterations are likely to amount to £15,000. 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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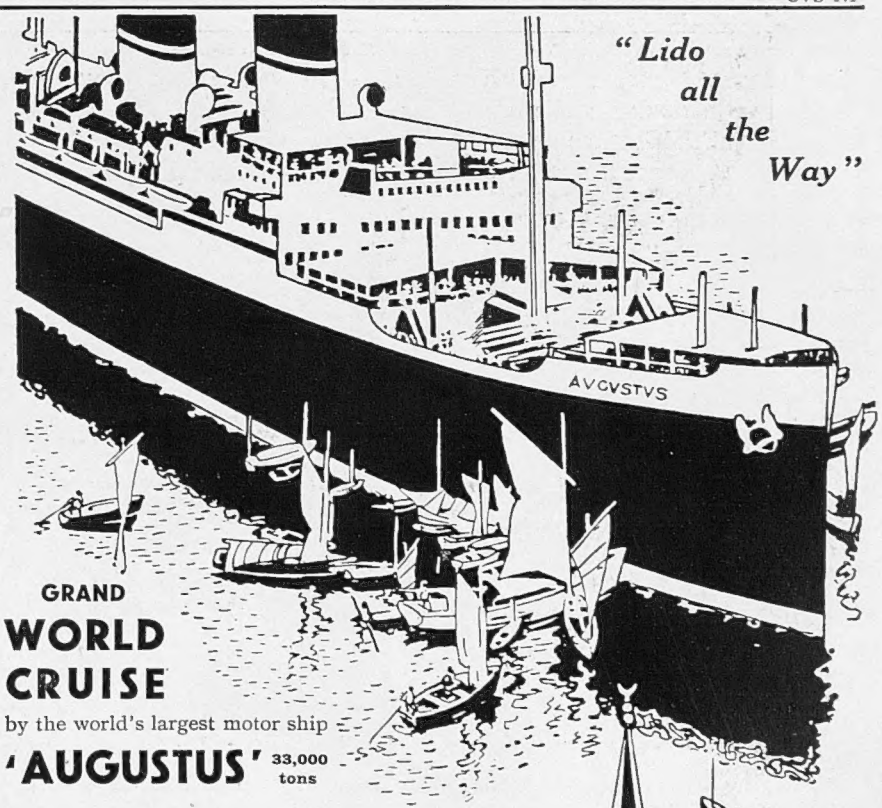

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WINTER and the TABLE

New Treatments of Traditional British Fare

What an immense pleasure one can find in diving into old cookery books and what discoveries one can make! The cookery of a period throws as much light on the habits and pastimes of those who lived in it as the most serious works of history.

Reflecting on the origin of puddings and pies, I was tempted to glance through several books to find, of course, that these dishes have been enjoyed in England for centuries; the recipes for the paste differ considerably and, until the period which commenced after the War, were usually of a very extravagant nature. The great Dr. Lister, physician to Queen Anne, was earnest on the subject of ingredients:

"You that from pliant Paste
wou'd Fabricks raise,
Expecting thence to gain
immortal Praise,
Your Knuckles try and let
your Sinews know
Their Power to knead, and
give the Form to Dough.
Chuse your Materials right,
your seas'ning fix
And with your Fruit resplendent Sugar mix. . . ."

Unfortunately the good doctor does not tell us what the "Materials" should be, and so we have not his recipe for fruit pudding.

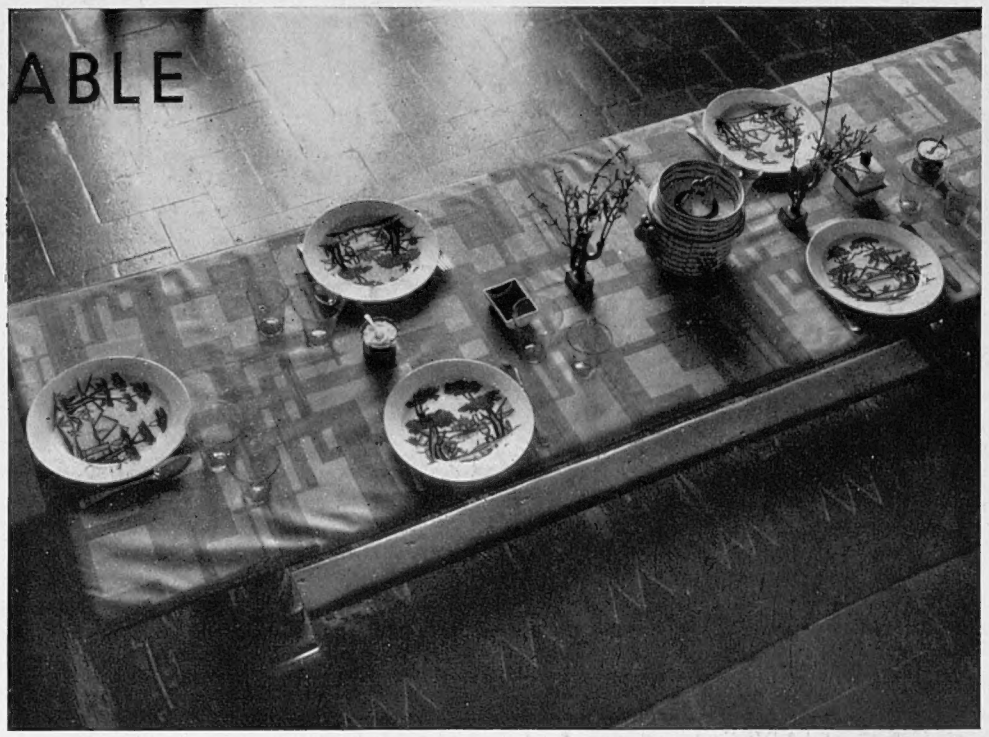
Mrs. Ann Blencowe, whose receipt book was written towards the end of the seventeenth century and published in 1925, is more explicit, and we learn from her that suet was used instead of marrow; for after giving us instructions on how to make marrow pudding—a mixture of cream, eggs, fruit, and the marrow of two bones—the following recipe appears:

"A puding that eattes like Marro. Take a pound of beef suet, half a pound of reasons stoned, 3 spoonfuls of shugar and 3 spoonfuls of flower, 6 eggs and nutmeg and salt. Beat ye egges, flower and sugar together, and let ye puding boyl 5 or 6 hours."

Later, we learn, paste for dumplings and puddings did not include suet, for in a Manual of Cookery published in 1877 we find a recipe for paste whose ingredients are flour, eggs, butter, water, and salt. So, perhaps, we owe our modern suet puddings to early experiments in eliminating marrow.

Whatever the origin of the suet pudding may be it is, when well made, one of the best dishes in English cookery; whether of a sweet or a savoury nature nothing is finer, but unfortunately they are so often badly prepared that many people are afraid to serve them.

However, everyone is so anxious now to have good and simple food that we could not choose a better moment to start on old-fashioned dishes, and it is amusing to think that a modern innovation adds something to the perfection of traditional cooking, for by using Atora Shredded Suet we not only improve our paste, but save time and money as well. This being the right time of the year for warming, nourishing food, a winter ragout is also included amongst the recipes given below.



A TREATMENT FROM ITALY: A dining table with plates designed by Andlovitz of Laveno. The china and the flower vases that embellish the coloured cretonne table-cloth are by Gio Ponti

Steak and Kidney Pudding.

Chop finely half an onion and brown it slightly in butter, add 1 lb. of stewing steak and ½ lb. of kidneys trimmed and cut into small pieces. Toss together for a few minutes and put all this in the pudding basin which you have greased and lined with paste. Add salt and pepper and three tablespoonfuls of stock; if none is available bring some water to the boil in the pan in which you have fried the meat, stirring in whatever juice has been left at the bottom. Cover with paste and then a piece of greased paper; tie over a flavoured cloth, put the basin into a deep saucepan of boiling water and boil for three hours.

The Paste.

Mix together 6 oz. of flour and 4 oz. of shredded suet; add a pinch of salt and cold water little by little until you have a stiff paste. Roll out on a floured board, the thickness of the paste being a matter of taste.

Veau Braisé aux Carottes.

Take 2 lb. of fillet of veal, well trimmed, and rub it well with salt and pepper. Brown it on both sides in butter and put it on a bed of carrots cut into neat rounds and button onions which you have cooked for five minutes in bacon fat and put into a very thick iron, copper, or earthenware saucepan. Add more salt and pepper and a teacupful of cold water. Cover the pan tightly and simmer very gently for two hours and a half. The meat should be turned occasionally and the pan shaken so that the carrots do not stick to the bottom.

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Level teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients together and make into a rather stiff paste with water. One lb. steak cut in thin pieces. Four sheep's kidneys or 6-oz. ox kidney, cut up finely. Half a small onion chopped up very finely. Pepper and salt mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Line a greased basin with the suet paste, put in the ingredients in layers, with the seasoning sprinkled between each layer, fill with water, cover with the paste, tie a cloth over and steam for 4 hours. Serve with some thickened gravy. Sufficient for 6 persons.

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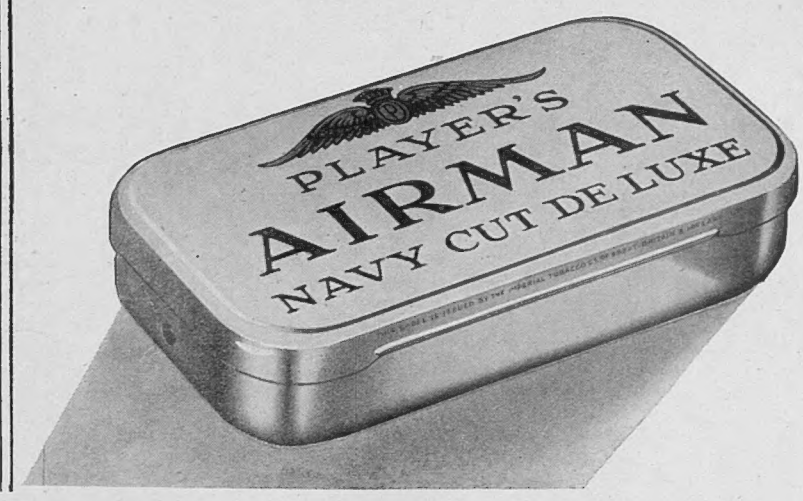

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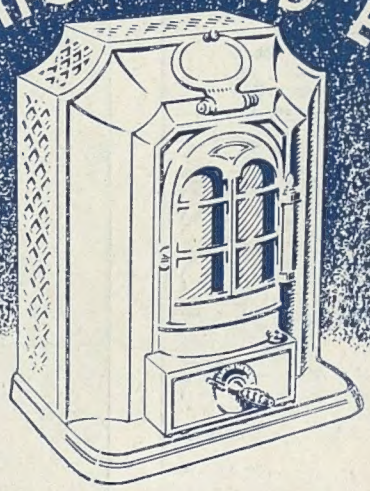

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